The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1903.

The Week.

Two classes of newspapers urge President Roosevelt to pay no attention to the growing demand for a new Postmaster-General. One consists of thick-and-thin party organs, which say that it would never do for the Republican party to have to confess that its chosen head of a demoralized Department did not display the energy that he should in the pursuit of corruptionists. The other is made up of Democratic papers and of those personally hostile to the President, like the *Sun*, which maliciously tells him that he did not put Mr. Payne in the Cabinet to do reform work, but to pull political wires, and that as long as he is doing the latter successfully, there is really no ground for removing him. The significance of this counsel we should think Mr. Roosevelt capable of fully appreciating. Meanwhile, Mr. Payne himself gives no public sign of wishing to relieve the President from an embarrassing situation. One more nudge has been given him, one would say, by the President's going over his head to appoint special counsel for the work of prosecution.

An amazing indifference on the subject of the performances of Perry Heath and the other proved violators of the law seems to prevail at Washington. The authorities incline to take the Dogberry attitude of thanking Heaven that they are rid of knaves. No serious inquiry appears to be made whether the statute of limitations really runs in favor of the said knaves, whether personal liability can still be enforced or restitution compelled. It is intimated that Heath may have a punishment greater than his sensitive nature can bear in being asked to resign from the Republican National Committee, in consequence of "the unfortunate light" in which he is placed by the Bristow report. But if nothing is really to be done to bring him to book, we do not see why Senator Hanna should not throw a protecting mantle about him, just as he has done about his other trusted but convicted lieutenant, E. G. Rathbone. Heath could make a strong plea as a party worker. No doubt most of his illegal acts were done to oblige Republican Congressmen. It was their "laborers" and "charwomen" that he put on the pay-roll. If no steps are taken to have justice done upon him, there is no reason why he should not again come forward as "a grand confidential man," and just the sort of unscrupulously efficient doer of dirty work that the Republican bosses delight to honor.

The talk of making the Post-Office thief-catcher, Mr. Bristow, Republican nominee for the Vice-Presidency illustrates a popular tendency which is partly good, partly bad. We desire to reward a man who has done a public service. We take a peculiar pleasure in honoring one who has exposed wickedness in high places. That is well; but it should not make us lose our sense of discrimination. It is still necessary to inquire whether the man is fit for the proposed office. The mere fact that he has trapped rascals does not of itself qualify him for other public duties. Recorder Goff was put into a judicial position, where he has not had exactly a conspicuous success, solely in consequence of the general demand that some sort of electoral reward be given the man who had turned Tammany Hall inside out. It may be hastily inferred that Mr. Bristow would find a good field for his peculiar talents in running down crookedness as presiding officer of the Senate; but the Vice-President is largely ornamental. He could put no inspectors on the bank accounts of Senators.

A sensible and peaceful solution has been found by the Attorney-General for the threatened difficulty between the Federal and State governments, in the matter of the battleships under construction which were seized for debt. While maintaining the general principle that the property of the United States cannot be attached, and asserting a quasi-ownership under the contracts with the shipbuilders, Mr. Knox discountenances, or thinks unnecessary, the violent proceedings which some of the bluff sea-dogs of the Navy Department favored. They were for going with a high hand and taking the vessels from under the very nose of mere State officers. But the Attorney-General quietly points out a more excellent way. Let the United States give an indemnity bond, as provided by statute, and then get the ships with the good will of all concerned, and without the sound of drum or cannon. This is lawyer's sense. The immediate question is laid by it, though no attentive mind can fail to see the great principle which lies germinant in the Attorney-General's main opinion. This is, that the general Government has power to see to it that the public business be conducted without local interruption. The application of that doctrine may come, in time, to be far-reaching. It may be invoked and, for all that we can see, with as good warrant, for Government interference with the next great coal strike, or with such disturbances of the smooth ongoing of Government functions as the vexatious strike on the Chicago post-office.

The Administration has retraced its steps in the matter of the opium monopoly in the Philippines. Secretary Root cables to Governor Taft that the plan of auctioning the right to sell the deadly drug must be abandoned for the present. Evidently, the protests of the religious and reform organizations against imitating the bad example of England, which we in this country have so often denounced, have had their effect in Washington. As long as it was only the querulous anti-Imperialists who complained, there was no occasion for action; but the case was different when the religious press began to speak out, after the manner of the *Watchman*. It said that American Christians were bound "in ordinary consistency" to protest against a traffic which they had condemned as "iniquitous" in British hands, since "the moral quality of such measures is not in the least affected by the name of the nation adopting them." We merely observe that the general application of this doctrine would undermine the whole system of Imperialist theology.

A horrible crime more horribly avenged, are the only words for the Wilmington lynching. Let us recall that the colored brute stood legally charged with his crime, and that there was no reasonable doubt that he would pay the penalty with his life. But the processes of the law, upon which the father of the murdered girl had begged his fellow-citizens to wait, were too slow for the maddened mob. The spectacle of law defied, a prison stormed, and a human being burned at the stake disgraces the State of Delaware, and again calls into question the reality of our religion and the efficacy of our civilization. Possibly the worst effects are to follow, for a community that has combined to override law is like a man who has once yielded to criminal fury. Morale is permanently impaired. Prison doors may be repaired and ashes swept from the high-road, all may look as before, but that community has acquired an insidious contempt for law, has committed the unpardonable sin against the State.

For a frank admission that the negro is robbed of his vote in the South, commend us to the *Observer* of Charlotte, N. C. It takes up the phrase about the ballot being only a "bauble" for colored men, and admits that it is now regularly taken out of his hands in the Southern States. It was done at first by force and fraud, but "this method became monotonous and distasteful, to such an extent that a Constitutional amendment which would legally accomplish what had hitherto been done by illegal means was

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adopted." But the question whether it was legally accomplished is not yet decided. Nor is the question whether the penalty laid down by the Constitution for such abridgments of the suffrage shall be imposed. These considerations lend an uncommonly grotesque air to the proposal that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments shall now be repealed. It is very like a criminal asking for the repeal of the law under which he is to be tried.

Senator Blackburn pronounces for Senator Gorman as Democratic candidate for the Presidency, on the ground that capitalists would not "shrink" from him. But the value of that recommendation depends upon who the capitalists are, and upon the reason why Gorman has no terrors for them. Some of the Maryland Senator's activities have been of a sort to endear him to a certain order of capitalists. When he put himself at the head of the Senatorial clique in 1894, and did all he could to ruin the Wilson Tariff bill by loading it down with favors to protectionists, the selfish interests which used him did not, indeed, shrink from him. They fell upon his neck in their gratitude and joy. But there were those who then shrank from their party's betrayer—among them Grover Cleveland, who would not sign the law which Senator Gorman did so much to deform. Similarly, when the Senator endeavored to wreck the repeal of the silver-purchase act, there was a good deal of "shrinking" by honest men from his presence. Gorman may flatter himself that all these things are forgotten or forgiven; but if he seriously plots for the nomination, he will find that there will be plenty to shrink from him even if "capitalists" do not. Should he, by any malign chance, be made the candidate, the party vote would show an unparalleled shrinkage.

It has always been urged in favor of the Trusts that they are able at all times to command the services of the most eminent specialists in every detail of their business, to the ultimate gain of the public. If a new ore is to be analyzed, the most distinguished professors of chemistry gladly leave their academic chairs to do it; if a lawsuit is to be defended, an ex-Attorney-General of the United States is at hand. It is just so with Trust literary activities. When the Sugar Trust wanted to issue certain pamphlets, it sought everywhere for the man of all men best qualified to write them. The fact that this man turned out to be Lieutenant-Governor of Missouri, and that legislation affecting the Trust's interests was soon to come up in the State Legislature, is a mere incident. Of course his work was well paid. Great corporations can afford to be generous. And can $1,000 be called an excessive price for a brochure on sugar, when in England a mere writer of romances is receiving a dollar a word for his unprofitable narratives?

Illinois has arrived at the twentieth anniversary of the adoption of a high-license local-option system at a time when the trend of legislation throughout the country is decidedly in that direction. The abandonment of prohibition in Vermont and New Hampshire furnishes, of course, the most conspicuous examples, but similar tendencies are to be observed elsewhere. In Tennessee the privilege of determining whether saloons shall be licensed was this year extended to all places having a population of less than 5,000, the previous limit having been 2,000. The Virginia Legislature, we believe, has given to rural communities the right of choosing between prohibition, license, and the dispensary system under local management. The Illinois law grants complete local option to all localities, except that it fixes a minimum license fee. In a recent issue of the Chicago *Tribune* William H. Harper, the author of the law, reviews some of the results of this policy. One interesting fact which he points out is that a considerable number of cities have fixed license fees much higher than the law requires. At Joliet, for instance, the annual charge is $1,000. Mr. Harper is perhaps unduly enthusiastic when he says that the Illinois plan has "settled the saloon question" and "made the saloons decent," but it has doubtless "driven out the worst saloons and certainly shows gratifying results as a revenue producer." A dozen States of the West and Northwest have been satisfied with the working of similar statutes.

It is estimated that the operatives in the Lowell cotton mills lost fully $1,300,000 on account of their strike, which collapsed utterly nearly a month ago, and which has now been officially declared at an end. The operatives demanded a 10 per cent. increase in wages at a time when the market for cotton goods was dull and the price of raw cotton was mounting. Naturally, they did not get it, and when they threatened to strike they utterly failed to intimidate their employers, who were, in fact, quite willing to shut down for repairs while the market steadied itself. When, after two months of idleness, the mills were opened on June 1, most of the workers who could be provided for returned. Many were not taken back because they were not needed, and many must still remain idle, at least until the managers decide to run their mills to the limit of their capacity. This is a good example of an unnecessary, unintelligent strike. The results are disastrous chiefly to the laborers involved. If the Lowell workers are wise, they will make some searching inquiries into the common sense and good faith of their leaders.

"Vindication" is current cant for the reëlection of a rascal or other person of questionable character. Such vindication Walking Delegate Parks has received in full measure from his constituents of the Housesmiths' and Bridgemen's Union, who have given him a handsome vote of confidence. He will unquestionably continue to be a walking delegate, the courts will shortly decide whether he is a rascal or not, and he is sure to remain a questionable character, for a man against whom three indictments for accepting bribes lie—selected from many complaints—can hardly hope for complete moral rehabilitation. Apparently Parks is satisfied with vindication—that is, with a vote which proves that the members of his union either wilfully shut their eyes to evidence of venality, or do not care whether their leader and representative is venal or not. That these workmen have given him an unreasoning support shows how irresponsible the unions still are. As strategy, nothing could be worse than to meet a lockout on the issue of blackmailing walking delegates by reëlecting one whose honesty is justly suspect, and whose credentials are chiefly that he has ordered a thousand strikes.

Gen. Greene spoke out boldly on the excise question in his West End Lyceum address. "I will enforce no law to make it odious, or to make it anything," he said. 'I will enforce it because it is the law." This has the honest ring which the "Brooklyn plan" and the plan of "liberal enforcement" sadly lack. There is much nonsense in the talk about the effect of Gen. Greene's policy as outlined in this utterance. As he points out, it is not a question of a "wet" or a "dry" Sunday. It was so under the old law, but the use of these terms ought to have disappeared, even if they have not, since the Raines law went into effect. It is folly to talk of a dry Sunday when more than 2,000 saloons are legally permitted to be open. Gen. Greene says that these places, qualified as hotels under the law, have been examined and found to comply with the statutory requirements. Under these circumstances nobody has any power to close them up, and there can be no dry Sunday as long as they find it profitable to keep open. Gen. Greene is reported to have said that the law relating to saloons which are not hotels is being pretty generally enforced. If this is the case, something like a revolution has taken place very quietly, and the fact speaks volumes for what can be done by courage, determination, and executive ability combined.

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The Commissioner's declaration that police blackmail has not been absolutely done away with, but that the system has been broken in two and the pieces not put together, is undoubtedly an exact statement of what has happened since he took hold of the Department. Everything that can be accomplished by strict discipline and prompt, straightforward methods of administration has been done. The influence of the new spirit actuating the head of the Department has spread downwards and its effect has been distinctly manifest. But it may be doubted if a genuine and thorough transformation of police sentiment has as yet taken place. As Gen. Greene said in his address before the City Club on June 3, the rank and file of the police have been taught both by precept and practice to look upon blackmail as a comparatively trivial offence, and, in fact, as almost one of the perquisites of their office. They have traditions and habits of thought which have been too long established to be eradicated in a year or two. And while these have been largely laid aside for the present, there is a mental reservation with a large majority of the force to the effect that the old practices will be resumed when Tammany returns on January 1. The real transformation of sentiment will begin if that calamity is averted.

Mayor Low regards as a "regrettable mistake" the double relationship of A. B. Boardman of the firm of Boardman & Platt, as attorney of the Rapid Transit Commission and of the Pennsylvania Railway Company. He considers it fair, however, to say that Mr. Boardman has been relieved by the Commission from the consideration of all matters that might at any time come before it affecting the Pennsylvania Company. A vacation of this kind might be granted to Mr. Boardman without adding much to his spare time, but the main question is whether the Platts, father and son, were similarly relieved. We suggest to Mr. Henry George, jr., who seems to be conducting this John Doe proceeding, that he seek to find out how much legal service Mr. Boardman renders to the Rapid Transit Commission for the salary paid to him; also for what reason the Rapid Transit Commission retained him in the first instance. We can easily understand why the Pennsylvania Railway Company came to retain him. That experienced corporation thought that difficulties might be encountered in its progress through or under Manhattan Island which an able political manager could remove or mitigate. We acquit the officers of the Company of any design to gain the favor of the Rapid Transit Commission by employing its attorney. They know that the Commission will grant them anything within the Commission's jurisdiction which they can rightfully claim, and that they could not get anything wrongful even with the assistance of Boardman & Platt. So much is due to the reputation of the members, but it is not so easy to excuse them for retaining Boardman. They were under no stress or necessity; and when they did so, they sacrificed a part of their dignity and set an unwholesome example to the community. That was the "regrettable mistake."

The Irish Land Purchase act has been brought very near shipwreck on account of Mr. John Redmond's refusal to sustain Mr. Wyndham's compulsory minimum rate for judicial purchase. The spectacle of the entire Irish delegation voting against the Government and its majority reduced to forty-one is a very threatening one. Mr. Redmond left no doubt as to his position. If the Irish tenants are not to be free to make better bargains than those laid down in Mr. Wyndham's schedules, the Irish members are opposed to the bill. On this matter Mr. Redmond is right; for it is certainly preposterous to refuse to a landlord the privilege of selling his land by free agreement with his tenant-purchaser, and it is clearly superfluous to forbid a landlord to bargain to his own hurt. Mr. Redmond's criticism goes to the quick; for the bill is generally and rightly supposed to favor the landowners unduly. Upon this ground the Irish and the Liberals may fairly join in opposition. If they do, with all the Tory malcontents reckoned in, Mr. Balfour's shrift will be short indeed.

In threatening to withdraw the Land Purchase bill, Mr. Balfour swings a blade the back of which may bruise him more than the edge can terrify the Irish members, for that bill is all that stands between the Government and total debility. But it may be that the Irish, put to the choice between the land bill or nothing, will take their half loaf rather than the more ample, but empty, satisfaction of upsetting Mr. Balfour. In either case the alliance between the Irish and the Government has, through the rejection of the amendment for unrestricted purchase by mutual consent of tenant and landlord, lost all moral force. While morosely beating all they can out of Mr. Balfour, the Nationalists, as the *Freeman* tartly says, regard as cancelled any "obligations or gratitude," and stand ready to attack him when the fit time returns.

That you cannot handle an important matter while having no opinion about it, was shown on Wednesday week in the Commons when Mr. Balfour found himself suddenly challenged to state his attitude towards the Chamberlain plan for preferential tariffs. Undoubtedly, Campbell-Bannerman counted on this uncertainty in the Premier's mind when he asked him to give assurances that the Government was not secretly working towards protectionism. Mr. Balfour's answer lacked his usual tact. He not only let himself be drawn far beyond his original attitude of "open-mindedness," but he gave a qualified adherence to Mr. Chamberlain's programme in terms which one rarely hears from the courtly leader of the Unionists. He defended a policy of retaliation, and spoke of "penalized" British colonies, meaning only colonies which, like Canada, had not been able to maintain favorable tariff arrangements with other protectionist nations. Such language seems more appropriate to Mr. Chamberlain, who, curiously enough, appeared as the more moderate person, emphasizing rather the Imperial bond, and dwelling on the yearning of the colonies towards the Mother Country. But it is easier, of course, to be suave when you are sure of your own mind than when you are forced to a decision under duress.

England refuses to be represented at the festivities in honor of Peter I. of Servia, and the British Minister will for a time be conspicuously absent from the new court. The desire to discountenance the crime by which the new King reaches the throne will meet with general sympathy; but of the action itself it must be said that it is incomplete as a rebuke and impracticable as a general policy. While the British Minister remains in conspicuous seclusion near Belgrade, the affairs of England are, or should be, left in the hands of the envoy of some other Power. That is, England can safely condemn the assassination by ignoring the new government, only on condition that another Power condones the crime by recognizing the new order. It is questionable whether a nation or an individual has a right to exalt his own virtue at the expense of another's complicity with vice, and England, with the best of intentions, came perilously near to taking this ground. On the whole, the temporary withdrawal of the British Minister seems dictated by sentiment rather than wisdom; and diplomacy is a poor medium for the expression of sentiment. The Emperor of Austria, with characteristic directness, found the way to put his nation right in this matter. Feeling the inadequacy of diplomacy to express the moral indignation of his empire, he personally accompanied the formal and necessary congratulations with an explicit condemnation of the crime of Belgrade. One has only to compare the effectiveness of his few timely words with the weakness of the far more elaborate statement of the Russian Foreign Office to realize the impotence of diplomacy in these moral matters, and the value of a man.

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THE PRESIDENT AND THE POSTAL SCANDALS.

Heads are falling thick in the Post-Office Department. The removal of Superintendent Metcalf last week was pretty obviously the work of President Roosevelt. Postmaster-General Payne went through the tearful act of dismissal, but the prompting evidently came from the White House. It was a wholesome step. Metcalf's own apology was his sufficient condemnation. The President saw the point at once, and gave the order for decapitation. But can he stop with that? Is there any hope of toning up a demoralized and corrupt Department without giving it a new head? Without the slightest animus against Postmaster-General Payne personally, we have come to the firm conviction that the crisis calls for his separation from the Cabinet—by a request for his resignation, if he has not the grace to offer it. We will put the case as succinctly as possible. On Thursday Gen. Bristow's report to the Postmaster-General was made public. It proves the Tulloch charges up to the hilt. By the unimpeached evidence of Government inspectors, by transcripts from the official records, it shows that systematic violations of the postal laws were practised by the direct orders of First Assistant Perry Heath and Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith. It is mainly a story of petty thieving, infinitely base in conception, incredibly sordid in execution. Stealings of a few dollars here, illegal foisting of this and that name upon the payrolls for no services rendered, and the carrying of all kinds of suspicious favorites and impostors—the whole document reads like a brief abstract from the Newgate calendar, or a fragment of a report on sneak thieves in the Bowery. But it is absolutely convincing, and is acknowledged even by the Postmaster-General to prove that Mr. Tulloch did not begin to tell all the disgusting truth.

Now mark the sequence of events. This report of Gen. Bristow's was placed in Mr. Payne's hands on May 4. That mass of overwhelming evidence was, therefore, in his possession long before he gave out his partial and misleading summary of the Tulloch charges on May 16. Yet on that date he continued to characterize those charges as mere personal "grievances" and "glittering generalities," affirming that there was "no evidence—nothing but words." But he had in his desk all the while the most complete and damning evidence from his own subordinate, Gen. Bristow! How could a Postmaster-General who was both honest and capable take that amazing position? Did he intend at that time to keep the Bristow report under lock and key for ever? Was it his idea that, if Tulloch could only be sneered down the wind, the whole scandal could be officially smothered? If he thought so, and meant to do it, he is not fit for office morally; and if he did not perceive, or had not weighed, the crushing significance of the facts laid before him by Gen. Bristow, he is not fit mentally. In either case, he ought to be the next man to go.

On another phase of the postal scandals President Roosevelt shows a singular failure to grasp the popular point of view. As the *Evening Post's* Washington correspondent put it in his dispatch last Saturday:

> "His theory of the whole business is that there is enough that concerns the present day and the present Administration, without poking into matters to which the statute of limitations has attached on their criminal side, and which belong to the domain of his predecessors in office on their moral side."

The President is considering two aspects of the case, the moral and the political. As a man, he wishes to uphold moral principles; as a politician, he would not injure his party. Though some of his advisers may imagine a clash of interest, the two aims are in fact identical. The exposure of all the wrongdoers may harm individual Republicans, but it will enormously strengthen the party as a whole. To-day the Republican Administration is held responsible for this huge tissue of fraud, and nothing but a complete housecleaning can restore public confidence. The time for half-way work, for drawing the line at September, 1901, or March, 1897, or any other such date, has long since passed.

Though the moral side of the question is the more serious, little need be said about it, because the facts are obvious. The incentives to official wrongdoing are strong enough already, without stimulating our Perry Heaths and our Machens with the hope that if they can conceal their misdeeds for three or four years, they can enjoy their plunder in security and maintain unblemished reputations. Our officials should dwell in constant fear that even after the legal statute of limitations has saved them from the penitentiary, they may yet answer before the tribunal of public opinion. If President Roosevelt had succeeded a Democrat in September, 1901, would he still shrink from raking up the dead ashes of the past? His conscience, we think, would stir him to a fine burst of moral indignation.

His feeling now seems to be that former peculation and evasion of laws are purely private affairs, in which the public has no legitimate concern. But the public does not so regard the matter. The cause of this whole nasty mess is the belief that public office is a private business, from which every man should make as much as he can. The civil-service laws that were violated under the Cleveland or the McKinley Administration were not private rules of conduct, but the will of the American people. The money that was stolen was not taken from the pockets of the Presidents and their Cabinets, but from the national till. The public has a right to an accounting and will demand it at the polls.

The public is also aware that if President Roosevelt fails to go back to the beginning of this trouble, he can never reach the bottom or the top of it in his own Administration. Machen and Beavers and their syndicates were not the growth of a day or of a year. To understand their foul activity as the people have a right to understand it, Mr. Bristow and his assistants must follow the trail of corruption, whether it runs into the McKinley or the Cleveland or the Harrison Administration; and if there is any hesitancy about such thoroughness, that hesitancy is a step toward political suicide. The public knows little about the statute of limitations, and cares less. What it wishes to learn is not legal technicalities, but the names of the men who broke its laws and looted its Treasury. If their crimes are now outlawed by time, the public will regret the fact that the rascals are not to enjoy their deserts behind prison bars; but disappointment on this score will make it no less eager to get at the records of its own servants, so that it may deal wisely with them when they again ask for its confidence.

Only an expert can determine whether Perry Heath shall go scot free; whether the statute of limitations began to run the moment he violated the laws, or only after he left office and ceased to conceal the violations. But no expert is needed to determine the political effect of such a platform as this for the Republicans:

1. THE STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS.
2. LET US FORGIVE AND FORGET.

THE CANADIAN SITUATION.

The Ministerial situation at Ottawa has curious analogies with that at Westminster. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, like Mr. Balfour, is committed to a policy of general conciliation and compromise, while the part of disturber of the peace is played by ex-Minister Tarte, who may be called the late Chamberlain of the Canadian Government. As Minister of Public Works in Sir Wilfrid's Cabinet, he was the political manager of the Liberals, all-powerful in the Government stronghold, Quebec, and apparently as indispensable as Mr. Chamberlain to the Unionists. Again, Mr. Tarte broke with his colleagues in announcing without authority a policy of high protection and transportation subsidies. The parallel only fails at the end. Sir Wilfrid, feeling that high protectionist preaching was out of place in a Ministry traditionally committed to free trade and actually to the present low tariff, demanded and received the resignation of the rebellious Minister, thus enabling Tarte to do honorably outside his Cabinet what Chamberlain inside his is doing equivocally. Both have been roundly

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repudiated by their respective Parliaments—Tarte through the defeat of the skilfully worded protectionist resolutions recently introduced by him; Chamberlain through the almost unanimous vote to repeal the war tax on grain.

Without pressing tediously the Plutarchan parallel, it is evident that the campaign for a British Zollverein halts badly, both in the mother country and in the colony most nearly concerned; and since Canada could probably give the deciding voice for or against Mr. Chamberlain's impetuous scheme, her present political situation has more than a parochial interest. Mr. Tarte, who leads a secession of unknown strength, and the Conservatives are the most vociferous friends of the tariff-union idea, but the least valuable. Their unselfishness is suspect, for they are working primarily for their pet programme of increased tariffs and bounties. That the sincere among them should not see that any increase in the Canadian schedules, at this time, complicates the already difficult relations between Great Britain and the other Colonies, evinces a very ignorant Toryism. Still, the protectionist campaign is being conducted with much noise and with considerable ability. Sir Wilfrid Laurier will have all he can do to meet it.

Towards the Chamberlain doctrine the attitude of the Administration press is non-committal, if not unfriendly. The official Toronto *Globe* resents the insinuation that nothing but a good tariff bargain can effectually bind the colonies to England, and appeals most eloquently to the dearer bonds of community of race and political ideals. The simple loyalty of the colonies, it feels, is a more valuable guarantee of Imperial unity than all the tariffs ever forged between Birmingham and the "illimitable veldt." Meanwhile, the official press shows greater interest in the renewed activities of the American reciprocity leagues than in the imperial visions of Mr. Chamberlain. Evidently the Prime Minister would prefer the immediate good of a fair treaty with the United States to the doubtful and remote advantages of Imperial federation.

This is a mood by which the flour-millers of Minneapolis and the Republican advocates of the Iowa idea generally should not fail to profit. In the present temper of the Canadian Ministry it would be easy for the Joint High Commission, should it be convened this summer, to agree upon a basis for a reciprocity treaty; while at a later time we may have to deal with a protectionism more violent than our own. It is highly important, then, that the Joint High Commission should meet, for Canada and the United States have every reason for adjusting their trade relations before the Canadian tariff policy is hopelessly warped by the Imperial idea. Obviously, Canada's emergency is the more crucial, for she may be asked to enter into a general tariff war and to expose her whole system of government finance to the hazards of a long and almost hopeless process of equalization. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has undoubtedly pondered Burke's challenge to a writer who wished to make the colonies contribute to the English Treasury:

> "Will he, in Parliament, undertake to settle the proportion of such payments from Nova Scotia to Nevis, in no fewer than six and twenty different countries, varying in almost every possible circumstance one from another? If he does, I tell him, he adjourns his revenue to a very long day. If he leaves it to themselves to settle these proportions, he adjourns it to doomsday."

Such words are undoubtedly in Sir Wilfrid's mind when he hears junior members of Mr. Balfour's Cabinet jauntily discussing "extension of the fiscal basis" of the Empire. It need not be urged that the moment is peculiarly favorable to renewal of tariff negotiations. If there is a glimmer of larger political sense at Washington, the Joint High Commission will be promptly convened and directed to draw up a plan for reciprocal lowering of duties.

But the most serious obstacle to the acceptance of the Chamberlain programme by the Dominion lies in the quiet growth of the sentiment of independence—an inspiration fully in accord with loyalty to England. Except for the rather ornamental presence of a Governor-General appointed by the Crown, and the control of her foreign relations from Downing Street, Canada is inedpendent, and there are signs that she will soon assert her diplomatic independence also and negotiate directly with other nations. Already the various joint commissions appointed from Ottawa and Washington have exercised a quasi-diplomatic authority. In the negotiations which followed the failure to renew the German reciprocity treaty, Canada dealt directly with consular representatives of Germany without protest from London, and now it is a question of sending "consular agents" to the various capitals and trade centres. Such officials would be in all but name Canadian Ministers. Though the formation of a diplomatic corps accredited from Ottawa be delayed, the diplomatic independence of Canada already exists in fact if not in theory. Can any one imagine the British Government quashing a treaty that Canada plainly desired? It was done in the case of Newfoundland, with the Blaine-Bond convention; but what was done in 1895 at Canada's request would never be done in 1903 against the Dominion itself.

If this sentiment of nationality is still, except among the French, unconscious and complicated by British loyalty, it is none the less real. It furnishes the best guarantee that Canada will neither commit herself headlong to Mr. Chamberlain's impressionistic finance, nor yet refuse, when the occasion offers, to enter into mutually advantageous trade arrangements with her nearest neighbor and prospective best customer.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

As was clearly foreseen, the outcome of the German general elections has been great gains for the Social Democrats. Notwithstanding the hostility of the Emperor, of the official and privileged classes, and of the Church, at least 400,000 more voters have allied themselves with the party of "subversion," as William has termed it, and thereby made themselves "enemies of the country" in his eyes. If they were Anti-Imperialists voting and talking against a policy of "criminal aggression" in other lands, they could not be more reprehensible in their ruler's eyes. We thus have the spectacle of hundreds of thousands of citizens driven by the reactionaries and the devotees of absolutism straight into the arms of those who advocate collectivism.

The Social Democrats are admittedly in possession of five more seats in the Reichstag than after the first balloting in 1898, and confidently maintain that their delegation in the Reichstag will number at least eighty. But their moral victory is far greater than appears from these figures. To have carried Saxony by 100,000 more votes than all other parties is an achievement which Liebknecht surely never dreamed to be at hand when he served his last term of imprisonment for lese-majesty only four years ago. In the previous election, the Social Democrats polled nearly 27.18 per cent. of the total vote of Germany. This year they are certain to have received about 3,000,000 votes, or considerably more than a third of all that were cast. In every case the seats won are in the cities, where the party is strongest. It is noticeable, however, that the gains were in the smaller cities. In Berlin only one new seat was captured; but Zittau, Plauen, Bielefeld, Solingen, and Darmstadt, all growing industrial towns of the second class, added to the triumph of the "Reds." Undoubtedly the Saxon dissatisfaction with the reigning family, which has been openly expressed since the flight of the Crown Princess, had a great deal to do with the victories in that kingdom. The result in Essen, Krupp's town, where the Social Democrats increased their vote from 4,400 to 22,705, must be particularly galling to the Emperor. He went there seven months ago to attend the funeral of Friedrich Krupp, and made use of the occasion and the place to denounce afresh the Social Democrats, whose active organ, the *Vorwärts*, had accused the ironmaster of nameless immoralities. The Emperor then said to a gathering of workingmen:

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"I am confident that you will find the right way to demonstrate clearly and tangibly to the German working world that in the future it will be out of the question for honest, honor-loving German workmen, whose escutcheon has been stained, to hold any community or relationship with the authors of this shameful deed [*i. e.*, the Social Democrats]. He who does not cut himself off from these people will morally bring a certain measure of this guilt upon his own head."

A more direct rebuke than the vote of Essen could hardly be administered to the monarch who says to his people: "All of you shall have only one will, and that is My will; there is only one law, and that is My law."

There is every prospect that the victory of the Social Democrats will be all the more striking when the reballoting has taken place. In the second poll in 1898, 48 per cent. of the seats in the Reichstag were contested, no one candidate having secured a majority over the combined votes of all his rivals. This year the percentage of second contests is likely to be even larger. In the past, the provisions of the election laws have been extremely injurious to the Social Democrats. The second election being confined to the two candidates who received the largest number of votes, all the other parties have generally combined against the "Reds." But this year there is likely to be an influx of votes to the Social Democrats from the Radicals, who have again gone down to defeat despite an active campaign, just as the Social Democrats have helped out the Radicals where they were themselves unrepresented in the second elections.

From the point of view of Liberalism the Radical losses are unfortunate. Radicals and Social Democrats together voted against the tariff and further military and naval burdens. To the Radicals belong not only Theodore Barth and Eugene Richter, but Mommsen and other men of learning who for years followed in Virchow's lead. Many of them have found their ideals of government best expressed in the United States, and have learned many a lesson from our own political experience. Now Barth, Richter, and Mommsen must contest again for their accustomed places, and their combined forces have been cut by one-fourth. As a result we may look for even closer relations between the Radicals and the Social Democrats, as was recently foreshadowed by Dr. Barth in his remarks at Kiel on the remodelled Social Democratic party.

For German women to engage actively in a canvass is indeed a novelty. Yet the dispatches assign to them an enterprise in behalf of the Socialists which one is accustomed to find only in the Primrose League. The party's advocacy of woman suffrage is no doubt largely responsible for this phenomenon, but the cry of "bread, usury, and dear meat" has its special significance in the homes of the laborers who make up the bulk of the Social Democratic voters. The rapidly growing interest of all German women in things beyond the pale of "church, kitchen, and children," to which the Emperor would limit them, is one of the striking signs of the times. Their clubs and associations are now counted by the hundreds, their conventions are well attended, and their journals more and more vigorous. The Social Democrats are the only party which has thus far admitted women to its councils. The Radicals are favorably disposed towards them, and even the more conservative parties are likely to take a greater interest in their activities. The result of the poll as a whole will not be taken by either the Government or the Conservatives as a rebuke to the high-tariff policy of the last Reichstag. Nor will the Ministry be compelled, as matters stand now, to form new alliances for the sake of a Parliamentary majority.

ON DISPLAYING CELEBRITIES.

From the accounts of the reception of M. Rostand at the French Academy may be deduced certain advantages of academies ignored in Matthew Arnold's famous essay—namely, the opportunity afforded by such an occasion for the display of a nation's best talent. Ordinarily, there are obstacles in the way of intercourse between, say, a poet and his public. The customary round of society frets him and tends to merge him in the mass of black-coated dancers or diners; public dinners give him indigestion and require of him silence or reluctant levity. In short, in countries which do not have academies, the conditions of publicity are so distasteful and demoralizing that literary men of any sensitiveness are driven back to the seclusion of pipe and slippers.

In strong contrast with what may be called the Anglo-Saxon way is the fashion in which every Frenchman of ability is compelled to contribute something interesting to the social life of the nation. We need not dwell upon the exceptionally happy feature of M. Rostand's reception. A kind fate gave him the duty of eulogizing the poet and dramatist Bornier. Rostand's predecessor in the Academy was also his precursor in the poetical drama. Bornier's "La Fille de Roland" had brought to the disconsolate France of 1875 something of the patriotic exaltation that "Cyrano de Bergerac" inspired in the faction-torn Paris of 1897. Both authors had an immediate and a deserved success. Bornier had recalled to a Paris humiliated by the Prussians, and smirched again by the impious hand of its own mob, the memory of Charlemagne's strong reign and of Roland's supreme sacrifice. Rostand, with his creation of a hero of infinite tenderness, lion-like bravery, and undaunted humor, gave a new and patriotic impulse to a Paris beset by dreary villains and cheerless partisans. No one who did not pass that terrible winter with Mercier, and Zola and the Veiled Lady, and the wraith of the Captive of Devil's Island, can imagine what a consolation it was to know that Cyrano was playing, and that amid that coil of slander and deceit French schoolboys were organizing companies of "Cadets de Gascogne." Besides this cognate position as patriotic poets, Bornier had the attraction for Rostand of being a man not wholly unlike his own Cyrano—a great soul in a body pitifully small to contain it; a dramatist whose subjects were Mahomet, Dante, St. Paul, Charlemagne, and who remained most of his life an under-librarian; a candidate for the Academy who took a nap while the Immortals were balloting on his name, and had to be shaken out of sleep into his new honors. With such a hero M. Rostand's eulogy was sure of success; and similarly the charm of the young Academician inspired the critic Vogüé, who made the address of welcome, to an unusual warmth and eloquence.

But it might be said: "This was an exceptional case, with peculiarly auspicious conditions. You will not seriously maintain that the official oratory of France has any considerable effect either for good or ill?" It has this effect—it leaves none of the finer emotions of the nation to a random or unworthy expression. M. Rostand may never surpass his eulogy of Bornier, but, if health be granted him, he will be heard on many occasions pleading for Gallic wit and bravery against the cynicism of the Boulevards. And M. Rostand has the assurance that when his last line is written, after a decent space for preparation, some future Academician will compose an appreciation of Edmond Rostand as scrupulously just and careful, if hardly as delicate, as that which he has left in memory of the poet Bornier. Through this practice of making her literary men her spokesmen, France is saved from the plague of professional oratory and from the itinerant speaker on subjects which he does not understand. Your Academician may be a dull dog, but at least he speaks with discretion and authority. If he fail to rise to the height of the occasion—as will happen—he is at least freed from the constant temptation to be unworthy of himself.

One can hardly overestimate the value of these occasional addresses of high quality in forming and cherishing a body of cultured opinion. The influence of books is individual rather than social; such speakers as M. Rostand and the Vicomte de Vogüé not only represent an élite, but recruit its membership; and it is this compact class, with its organized agencies and its spokesmen, that makes France the nation of all others most hospitable to the things of the mind.

It would be futile for America or England to attempt prematurely to

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adopt the French system. No good can come of imposing upon our public any bodies which lack none of the qualities of the French Academy except its dignity and competence. But we may at least congratulate a nation that gives its poets an intelligent hero worship; for the poets are the prophets of magnanimity. M. Rostand dwelt very touchingly upon his long walks in schoolboy days with a certain tutor. Where others taught him dead facts, this young man told him of beautiful landscapes, great loves, and of bold deeds. It was Villebois-Mareuil who, before devoting his sword and his life to the heroic burghers of the veldt, gave Edmond Rostand his earliest lessons in romance. This, said Vogüé, in welcoming Rostand to the Academy, is the function of the poet—to stir his times to remoter and nobler issues: "Heroic deeds are latent in the souls that your songs have touched. That is why such as you alone can lay claim to complete popularity, to absolute sway over our hearts. They alone have the power of awakening enthusiasm, which seems dead because it is chilled when we become absorbed in Byzantine debates and Lilliputian ambitions." It is because France recognizes the value of poetry that she displays her poets and celebrates them in a fashion astounding to a less literary people. It seems to be one of the matters that they manage better in France.

CHOOSING COLLEGE PROFESSORS.

Mr. Sidney Lee has returned to England convinced that our American way of choosing college professors is better than the English, and has manfully made his avowal of conversion in the London *Times*. Towards that variety of the merit system which prevails at the English universities, his attitude is one of courteous ridicule. No man of high professional standing likes to answer an advertisement and put himself in public competition with a score of nobodies, and no modest person wishes to draw up the list of his own qualifications; while canvassing for the endorsement of distinguished acquaintances is the most distasteful task that can be set a scholar. All this open and competitive candidacy is, Mr. Lee finds, humiliating to the professor himself, and disadvantageous to the university, inasmuch as it deters good men from presenting themselves for professorships. Unquestionably our system, under which the chair seeks the professor and the professor is forbidden all overt efforts to reach the cathedra, lends a greater dignity to the election, while the fact that all incomplete negotiations are held confidential spares the dignity of unsuccessful candidates.

With Mr. Lee, we best like our way of catching professors, but we feel that the English method has so exact a relation to the subsequent duties of a British professorship that it hardly deserves unqualified condemnation and hasty abolition. The conditions are so unlike in English and American universities that it is not unnatural that promotion to professorships should reflect in either case the national and local differences. With us the position of a college teacher is eminently a personal one. He must first work in friendly relations with the President who appoints him and is his chief; his courses of instruction cross or touch those of a dozen of his colleagues towards whom he is bound to be considerate; frequently a more intimate bond unites him with the members of a highly organized department; finally, he must come to terms with scores of students into whose heads he must pack useful knowledge for weeks in order to extract it again during the few hours of examination. Great scholarship and distinction by no means fit a man for these manifold individual duties; frequently, in fact, they incapacitate him from playing his part acceptably in the fretful trade of teaching. It was this that made a college president, not of Irish extraction, say that he wished not scholars on his faculty, but men who had been worked to death in Western colleges and had survived. Evidently no merit system is fully applicable to an employment in which personal qualifications are all-important.

If the American professor is primarily a useful person, the English professor has been until very recently chiefly ornamental, and this undoubtedly explains the British method of public candidacy. An old-school English university professor teaches none of the subjects indispensable for a degree. He pursues his subject, without disciples frequently, and lectures a few times a year to those who care to hear him. He draws his stipend less for any tangible service than for the scholarly prestige he brings to the university. Ordinarily he lives apart from the intimate life of the colleges, and is rather less than a name to the students, or even to the dons. "S——? He's the chap the girls go out to hear," said a Cambridge don when questioned as to the most eminent Chaucerian now living. In short, unless the English professor distinguishes himself by some eccentricity—goes in for road-building like Ruskin, or paints fellow-professors at a single public sitting like Professor Herkomer, he hardly makes an impression upon the daily life of the university. It is, then, not unnatural, where distinction rather than efficiency is the criterion, that the university should require the fame of a candidate to be proved in the most conspicuous fashion, and if, as Mr. Lee insists, it is an agonizing affair to draw up your own bill of praise, there must yet be a peculiar pleasure in finding the items approved by an historic university.

It must be supposed that Mr. Lee's strictures apply less to Oxford and Cambridge than to the teaching universities of Scotland and their imitators in England which are constantly growing in attendance and in general esteem. Institutions like Owens College, Manchester, and the Universities of London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, combine the teaching with the examining and degree-giving functions. Their professors work under conditions not unlike those which prevail in Germany or America. Naturally, these learned bodies suffer at times in straining the analogy of the civil service and applying a distorted merit system to the selection of professors. Since the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are beginning gradually to assume the teaching function, which for many generations they have left to the colleges, the matter of appointments will probably be looked into and revised in the American direction, though for years to come the historic chairs will remain foundations for voluntary research, or rewards for past achievement, rather than professorships in the American and German sense. Mr. Lee's frank commendation of the American plan is an interesting evidence of the spread in England of the idea of a teaching university. To many who at this season are trying to better their academic condition, his observations will be consolatory, for no Anglomania is likely to add to the examination papers and reports which already darken the June days of American professors the ungrateful burden of composing elaborate briefs in their own commendation.

THE PARIS SALONS.

PARIS, May, 1903.

Mr. Sargent's good fortune follows him from London to Paris, and this summer at the New Salon, as last at the Academy, his work stands out with special distinction simply because it meets with so little competition. He has sent one of the large portrait groups that made such a stir when first exhibited at Burlington House a year ago, "The Misses Hunter." I described it in the *Nation* at the time. It is the portrait of the three sisters who sit on a circular divan, the lines made by the grouped heads repeated in the flow of the voluminous drapery; a composition full of ingenuity. There is in the painting the skill, the dexterity, the sheer cleverness that distinguishes all Mr. Sargent's work. To see it a second time is to wonder again at the vigor of his large sweeping brush, at his rendering of the dull sheen of the black silk in two of the gowns, at the modelling of the little dog in the foreground. But to see it again is also to be still more conscious of its defects; the drawing is so vague and careless that two of the sisters have no legs at all, and the third, those of a giantess; the heads are all painted from the same palette and after the same pattern, which even the plea of family resemblance cannot justify; the dog, a solidly modelled little body, makes no impression whatever upon the black skirt upon which he lies extended in sound slum-

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ber, but hangs in mid air as miraculously as Mahomet's coffin.

One feels, as indeed one always does with Mr. Sargent's pictures, that, submitted to a more severe test, placed in a collection of old masters near Hals or Rembrandt, Velasquez or Rubens, the portrait would seem merely the clever performance of the clever student. But in the Academy there was nothing to compete with it. Now, at the New Salon, there is nothing. Such distinguished or accomplished portrait painters as Mr. Whistler, Mr. Alexander, M. Gandara, M. Zorn send nothing this year. M. Boldini, a serious rival in Mr. Sargent's own particular line, has but a very small head, while M. Besnard, M. Aman-Jean, and M. Simon have seldom been so uninteresting, and M. Carolus-Duran, Mr. Sargent's master, continues to paint the same gorgeousness of costume, cut out against the same gorgeousness of background, with the same meretricious qualities that have made his later portraits hardly worthy of an artist of his undoubted power. The only portraits of note come from M. Anquetin, who, however, in his series of Rabelais, Descartes, De Vigny, and Balzac for the Hôtel de Ville at Tours is so colorless that one must turn to a little picture of a sudden effect of light in a Parisian street to remember what an accomplished painter he is; from Mr. Lavery, who has a graceful full-length of a lady; and from M. Blanche, who has several smaller canvases, half-lengths, of distinguished people, treated with unusual reticence and dignity, but whose one large group, "M. et Mme. Francis Vielé-Griffin et leurs quatre filles," is little more than an ambitious failure. Mr. Sargent stands really alone, and consequently he triumphs.

But I have found the Salon this season almost altogether a triumph for the American exhibitors. I do not mean the well-known artists who long since made their reputation, so much as the younger men, of whom, in the case of two or three, I at least now hear for the first time. Indeed, one is struck by the fact that most of the older exhibitors are unrepresented. Not only Mr. Whistler and Mr. Alexander, but Mr. Melchers, Mr. Humphreys Johnston, Mr. Abbey, Mr. Dannat stay away. Mr. McLure Hamilton is content to send one small portrait which he himself has often surpassed. Mr. Childe Hassam apparently thinks that, having before this shown in the Salon what he can do, there is no need for further effort, and the three or four outdoor sketches he contributes would find a more appropriate place in his own portfolios. Mr. Gay is still painting little interiors of great French castles with some feeling for their dignity and charm, though his work is dry and matter-of-fact when compared with M. Lobre's more brilliant, more freely rendered versions of similar subjects which this year, unfortunately for Mr. Gay, have a place on the opposite wall. Mr. Alexander Harrison is still painting his familiar seas, seldom varying his effects, save in one where he seems to have borrowed the palette as well as the big clouds of M. Ménard.

In the work of the younger men, however, there is not only less sign of fatigue, as is natural, but greater freshness of vision, greater truth of observation, and greater appreciation of design. For the last few years, the landscapes of Mr. Morrice, a Canadian by birth, have been among the most delightful in the New Salon. His merit is that he can see things as they are, and yet see them charmingly. To many, even of the most distinguished landscape painters to-day, this appears to be an impossibility. Take M. Lhermitte: his sunlit fields where gleaners are at work, his low river banks where women bend over their washing, compel admiration, as they always have done, from the sheer force of their truth to nature; but no one would look to them for charm of color or sentiment or arrangement. And so it is with the canvases of uncompromising realists like the Belgians, M. Claus and M. Buysse, who almost go out of their way to select violent and crude effects as if to prove their absolute fidelity to nature and their disdain of the resources of the art they practise with such technical ability. The Norwegian, M. Thaulow, is another who has conquered by the unmistakable truth of his records of the movement of water, of the brilliancy of snow and ice in clear sunlight, of the quiet and hush of the empty street in the moonlight; but, gradually, he too appears to be beginning to believe there is no being true without a straightforwardness bordering on brutality. At the other extreme are men like M. Le Sidaner, whose study of tone and evening light are based upon a convention that threatens to convert the scene before him, whether Chartres on its hill or the little garden of the suburban villa, into a mere conventional shadow; or M. Billotte, who, whatever his theme, knows it only through the eyes of Cazin, his master; or M. Duhem, whose pastorals are in danger of fading out of sight. But Mr. Morrice steers a middle course. In Venice, for example, he is as conscious, as any one who ever painted there, of the pale loveliness of palaces and campanili, lying on the lagoon, as one sees them from the Public Gardens; but he is no less sensitive to the magic of light—not the glitter of the ten-franc water-color as sold in the Piazza, but the misty, shimmering real Venetian sunlight, that weaves town and waters and sky into one rare and haunting pictorial whole, no less sensitive to the grace and dignity of the pattern made by the distant outline of the dream-like city, the stretch of well-spaced water, and the terrace with its symmetrically placed figures. Truth and design you find in the same happy combination, whether he paints a place in St. Malo or an effect of snow in his own Canada, the northern sea with its sails or the Gardens of the Tuileries; and, always, beauty of color and unity of tone are essentials to the design. Again, in the pictures of Mr. Frieseke, which I never remember to have seen before, there is feeling for design, for color, for pictorial harmony. Mr. Whistler has evidently been the master whom he has carefully and sympathetically studied. But Mr. Frieseke's rendering of the nude, of a woman in pale rose and silver draperies, and of other themes as simple, show that he is able to observe for himself with truth and delicacy both, and if he can cultivate his own originality, a notable future should be in store for him. At all events, he is a painter whose career is worth watching.

Mr. Maurer is another newcomer. He owes more to Manet than to Mr. Whistler, but he, no less than Mr. Frieseke, gives evidence of powers of observation of his own. His ballet-dancer may be Manet-like, even to the bunch of flowers she holds, recalling the "Olympe" of the Luxembourg; but in a little picture of "La Dernière Danse au Bal Bullier" he has observed for himself an amusing and pictorial arrangement of light, and carried it out ingeniously and forcibly. He, too, is a painter from whom something should be expected. These are the men who have interested me most. But I might at least say in passing that there are also good examples of Mr. Herter, Mr. Clark, Miss Nourse, and Mrs. MacMonnies among the other Americans.

At a first glance it might be thought that the younger Spaniards are even more promising. But it seems to me that I see already some indication of exhaustion. True, the vigor of Zuloaga is tremendous. In him you feel, as in Sargent, the mere physical or muscular force and endurance so much more characteristic of old masters than modern weaklings. The Misses Hunter themselves are not painted with greater dash and vivacity than the Andalúsian, with her piquant eyes and heavily powdered face, and the Gypsy, with her dark skin and darker hair, as they pose and swagger on Zuloaga's canvas. And the detail of a flowered shawl or a toilet table is as marvellous as Sargent's silks and chiffons. But then it is all so clever that you see nothing save the cleverness. There is no repose, no reticence, no dignity. Artists in Paris are making of Zuloaga their hero of the moment, but, on looking dispassionately at his huge canvases, they strike me as mere technical fireworks compared to that still bigger picture, a couple of years ago, also of typical Spanish types, that led the more enthusiastic critic to welcome the young Spaniard as a new Velasquez. Garrido, too, I think, has lost something in the last twelvemonth. He has a poultry shop, quite amazing in its treatment of the rows upon rows of feathered and trussed fowls and its pile of glistening, disembowelled rabbits; but in the midst he has placed a woman as banal and trivial as if she had strayed from any foolish story-telling picture. There is a glow of color in Anglada's impressions of Spanish markets and French theatres, a dramatic suggestion of movement in Casa's painting of the charge of the mob at Barcelona in 1902. And yet I am not sure that I should have found any of these things so notable in the first days of the secession of the New Salon from the Old. For there is no question that, as far as French painters are concerned, the present moment is one of inaction or fatigue. I have referred to a few who once gave the exhibition its chief distinction. Of the others, M. Carrière must also be named among the absent. M. Raffaëlli seems bent on proving the qualities of his own solid oil colors. M. Picard, who was for an interval so promising, has degenerated into simple Salon commonplace. M. Legrand always commands attention; but the violence of his color schemes and his deliberate indifference to beauty of surface—one of his pictures, a landscape, may be said to be modelled in paint—reduce his canvases to the level of the sensational, and sensationalism is now as old-fashioned as Rosicrucianism or the Scriptural phase at one time all the mode.

If I except the decorations of Gaston La Touche, some good strong studies by Hochard, and perhaps the work of the Scandinavians Edelfelt and Hagborg, nothing has

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left much of an impression on my memory save the solemn Breton subjects of M. Cottet and the grotesque of M. Veber. M. Cottet again paints his sad gray landscapes with the sad, black-robed peasants of the north posed, or posing, in statuesque immovability, oppressed as it were with the melancholy of their native land. His largest picture, "Deuil Marin," the three silent, brooding figures seated within sight of the sea, has a fine solemnity, a simple dignity, that make up in a great measure for the heaviness of his manner and the opaqueness of his color. It is not easy to take M. Veber's absurd little dwarfs frisking about a tavern, or holding out their tongues to the doctor, very seriously; their real place is rather in the comic papers. But M. Veber has at least the grace to amuse himself in his own fashion, and not according to exhibition formulas.

The sculpture is disappointing. M. Rodin does not send, while neither M. Bartholomé nor M. Meunier is seen at his best. A high standard is maintained in the prints and drawings. In his etchings certainly, Louis Legrand, though his subjects may be sensational, never sacrifices art to sensation and facility. And the men who have done so much to develop modern lithography and wood-engraving and etching and color printing—M. Lunois, M. Lepère, M. Renouard, M. Chahine, M. Florian—have not ceased to experiment, have not ceased to do distinguished work, There are some engravings by Florian after Renouard's sketches that are simply marvellous in their rendering of the very quality of the original. One American I noted among the etchers, Mr. MacLaughlin. Had I space, I should like to write at length of the drawings in different mediums by Milcendeau, Luigini—a newcomer—Jeanniot, Legrand again, and Bottini. I should like, too, to point out how deplorable is the tendency to the fantastic and the eccentric in the furniture and the decorative work.

But I must add a few words about the Old Salon. Here, too, most of the pictures or prints in which I find the smallest interest come from Americans and younger men. Even the old-fashioned *machines* appear to have lost something of their sensationalism, or, what is worse, their ability. Thus, M. Jean Paul Laurens has a huge triptych representing scenes from the life of Joan of Arc, and yet I know conscientious critics who never managed to see it, though because of its size alone one might think it could not be passed by. Then M. Henri Martin has another triptych still larger, in which he abandons myth and allegory for realism, and shows peasants at work in a valley overshadowed by high mountains; but his mowers are simply so many studies of the same model, while the restless technique, the crude mosaic of little dots of color, hurts and bewilders the eye. And yet these are the most notable among the huge canvases. The landscapes of M. Harpignies, M. Gosselin and his pupil, M. Jacques Marie, and M. Pointelin, are, as they have been for so long, among the rare exceptions to which one turns with pleasure, though it must be confessed that those painters produce the same effects, even the same designs, so constantly that it is difficult to say anything new about them. When, here and there, other pictures have arrested my attention, I have been almost certain to find them by Americans—Mr. Eaton, Mr. Bohm, Mr. R. E. Miller for instance; or a Spaniard, Sorolla y Bastida; or a Belgian, Verhaert; or a Dutch painter, Mlle. Schwartze. And so in the section of prints and drawings, the etchings of Mr. Pennell and the wood engravings of Mr. Wolf are the chief things to record. Nor is the sculpture much more stimulating. For Mr. MacMonnies I looked in vain. And though M. Frémiet's equestrian statue of Col. Howard, destined, I believe, for Baltimore, will interest Americans, it seems to me that in it the sculptor is merely repeating once more the motive of his delightful little Jeanne d'Arc, and losing in grace and spontaneity. With this new repetition, the decorative work, to which more and more space is devoted, runs to still greater lengths of fantastic eccentricity than in the New Salon. Of course in a detailed account of the Old Salon more might be found calling for notice or description, but in the general impression, which is all I pretend to give, I do not think I have exaggerated the weakness or prevailing dulness of this colossal exhibition.

N. N.

LAFAYETTE'S LETTERS.

PARIS, June 4, 1903.

The 'Inedited Correspondence of Lafayette: Letters in Prison—Letters in Exile (1793-1801)' cannot fail to attract attention. It has just been published in a fine octavo volume by M. Jules Thomas, a professor of philosophy, with a fine portrait of Lafayette as general. The correspondence is preceded by a "psychological study" by M. Thomas. I use his own expression, and I will say at once that this study adds nothing to the interest of the letters. It is a pity that M. Thomas is more of a philosopher than of a historian. His professional habits have led him to undertake a psychological analysis of the character of Lafayette, of the development of his ideas; he has looked into him as a watchmaker looks into a watch. This systematic study is all the more irritating because Lafayette was, above all, a man of action, a man of impulse. The tone of this extraordinary "psychological study" may be inferred from such lines as these:

"The life of Lafayette is a psychological case with very simple elements and of exceptionally long duration. The data, which have little variety, are from an early date actual and entire in the subject which is under study, and they are rich enough to furnish a development of seventy-seven years without renewal and without being otherwise altered than by the effect of their own evolution, which divides itself into two parts. First, there is an ascending period of seventeen years, from the first crisis of enthusiasm at the age of eighteen (August 8, 1775) to the crisis of moral depression of August 19, 1792; then, after a rather sudden ascent, a period of relative immobility of forty-two years. These two periods are clearly distinct."

I do not know how this sort of style and of systematic writing will affect the generality of readers; as for myself, I must confess that I was discouraged by it, and almost prevented from going any further. Fortunately, this pretentious manner of formulating the laws of the inner life of Lafayette detracts nothing from the interest of his letters.

The materials of Thomas's "study" have chiefly been found in the 'Memoirs, Correspondence, and Manuscripts' published by his family in six volumes (Paris: Fournier, 1837-1838), as well as in the 'Biographical Notice of General Lafayette' published by M. Charavaye. Some inedited documents were found in the papers of M. Romeuf, and have been lent by his family. M. Louis Romeuf was a devoted aide-de-camp of Lafayette, who charged him in 1798 to collect and publish the letters which he had written in prison and in exile. But Louis Romeuf was killed in 1812 at the battle of Borodino; and M. Thomas says that it is only now that Lafayette's desire is satisfied, after nearly a century. The inedited correspondence begins in March, 1793, with a letter addressed to Madame d'Hénin, an intimate friend of Lafayette. In all, ten letters are addressed to her; the others are addressed to Madame de Lafayette, to Archenholtz of Magdeburg, to Mr. Pinckney, to M. de Lally-Tollendal, to M. La Colombe, to Louis Romeuf, to Madame de Tessé, to Madame de Montaigu. A great many letters are in English.

Lafayette's early education was rather neglected. He never knew his father, who was killed at the battle of Minden (1759), when the boy was only two years old. He was thirteen years old when he lost his mother. At the age of fourteen he entered a company of the King's Musketeers; at sixteen he was lieutenant in the regiment of Noailles. He married at sixteen years and seven months; a month after, he was named captain of dragoons. It was at the table of Gen. de Broglie, at Metz, in 1775, upon hearing a conversation on the revolt of the American States, that he resolved to go to America. He left Europe on the 20th of April, 1777, being barely twenty years old. He returned to Europe for two years, and went to America a second time. This eventful period of his life is known in all its details, as well as the prominent part which he took, after the peace, in the events which were the first act of the French Revolution.

Washington, and those who surrounded him, Jefferson, Hamilton, Franklin, made on Lafayette's mind a lasting impression; Washington especially remained his god, and he dreamed of becoming in France a Washington under Louis XVI. From July, 1789, to July, 1790, Lafayette was perhaps the most popular man in France. He prepared a text for the Declaration of the Rights of Man; he presided for a moment over the Constituent Assembly; he gave the order for the demolition of the Bastille; he was appointed general of the National Guard, and gave an army to the Revolution. He was not long in seeing that he could not master the Revolutionary forces, and tried in vain to reconcile the parties and the factions, which became day after day more ardent and unruly. He was appointed commander of the army of the North, but was soon replaced by Dumouriez.

He felt that there was no longer any safety for him; and in fact on July 19, 1792, a decree of arrest was issued against him. He was at the time at Bouillon, near the frontier, which he crossed with twenty-three officers and thirty soldiers, and arrived at Rochefort, in the territory of Liège. He had no fixed plan; he himself said afterwards that his thoughts were

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confused. At times he thought of going to Holland and of taking refuge with the American Consul at The Hague, or of going to England to wait there for events. He had before him the combined armies of Prussia and of Austria.

On the 19th of August, 1792, he was taken prisoner by the Austrians at Rochefort, and from that day to the 16th of September he was not allowed to write to his family or to his friends. He was sent with an escort, with the officers and soldiers who accompanied him and who had been disarmed, in the direction of Brussels. The little troop had reached Nivelle, which is not far from Brussels, when orders came to have it sent towards Germany on the Rhine border. That same day the officers and soldiers were released. Lafayette was kept a prisoner and a hostage, and three other members of the Constituent Assembly, Alexandre de Lameth, César de Latour-Maubourg, Bureaux de Puzy, were sent with him, also as hostages, to Wesel. They remained there till the 31st of December, 1792, and were afterwards transported in peasants' carts to Magdeburg, a Prussian fortress on the Elbe, where they arrived on the 4th of January, 1793; they were sent a year afterwards to Neisse, on the extreme frontier.

At Magdeburg, Lafayette was able to enter into correspondence with a friend of his, the Princess d'Hénin, who was living in London. She was the wife of the representative of the Alsatian house of Hénin. Copies of these letters were communicated to Washington, and were found by Jared Sparks among the papers which enabled him to prepare his 'Life of the President.' A translation of the first letter was published in his 'Life of Gouverneur Morris.' Now for the first time it appears in its authentic form. It bears date of March 15, 1793, and begins by telling the story of Lafayette's captivity. "All the precautions that have been taken to sever all communication between us and the rest of the world, to keep us in prison, to multiply our privations, would require a long description." He describes in minute details his prison, his daily life. He has no paper, no ink, no pen. "It is by a miracle that I possess this sheet of paper, and I write to you with my toothpick." He has but scanty news. "We have heard, however, the success of the French arms; the assassination of the King; his trial, in which every law of humanity, of justice, of the national compact, was contemned; the abominable murder of my virtuous friend, La Rochefoucauld." He has no news of his own family. On the part of the United States 10,000 florins have been deposited at Magdeburg. "This will keep me, when my own money is gone, from living merely on bread and water." In a postscript to this letter we read these significant lines: "I don't know what has become of my place in Cayenne; but I hope my wife has taken steps to insure that the colored people who cultivate it shall remain free."

The letter to Von Archenholtz of Hamburg (March 27, 1793) is remarkable as setting forth the conduct and policy of Lafayette during the Revolution; it is very creditable to his patriotism. It is in some parts quite eloquent. Archenholtz was the editor of a paper, much read in Germany at the time, the *Minerva*. It was by the efforts of Gouverneur Morris that Lafayette obtained, after some months of detention, permission to receive open letters and to answer them under the eyes of his keepers. The first of these letters was naturally addressed to Madame de Lafayette. In those addressed to his American friends, Lafayette several times compares the American and the French Revolutions. He attributes the success of the American Revolution to moral and political qualities very common in America and almost unknown in France. All the good he sees in the French Revolution is what was imported into France from America, the Declaration of Rights especially. He analyzes and criticises the Constitution of 1791; he reproaches the French Revolution for its tumultuous character.

In the published correspondence Madame de Lafayette appears a very sensible woman, very capable, conducting the affairs of the family. Her advice to her husband is always sound. On the whole, the correspondence is a valuable historical document. Lafayette shines in it as the advocate of constitutional government and of progress, and at the same time as the determined enemy of revolutionary methods and of social disorder.

Correspondence.

"PADDY PERSONS" AND "PADDY" WORDS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Readers of Motley's 'United Netherlands' will remember (vol. i., ch. vii., p. 393, under date 1585) a quotation inserted in the text from a letter of Muster-master Thomas Digges to Walsingham of January 2, 1585 (=January 12, 1586, N. S.), in which the writer is cited as saying: "I doubt not the flower of the pressed English bands are gone, and the remnant supplied with such paddy persons as commonly, in voluntary procurements, men are glad to accept." Motley seems to have been tickled by the strange expression "paddy persons." He adopts the *ignotum pro magnifico* without inverted commas, in the next paragraph, in which we are told that "the condition of the paddy persons continued most destitute." They turn up again, as old acquaintances, in ch. viii., where "Alexander Farnese and his heroic little army" are in the same plight as "Lord Leicester and his unfortunate 'paddy persons.'" The queer adjective attracted the attention of dictionary-makers. It appears in Webster, 1864, with a quotation attributed to Digges, and one from Motley—in reality, both from Motley. It was thence compiled into Ogilvie's Imperial, 1882, and Cassell's Encyclopædic, 1886, transferred to the Century, 1890, and Funk & Wagnalls's Standard, 1895. If dictionary recognition could establish the genuineness of a word, "paddy" ought to be above suspicion. Nevertheless, our editorial staff, seeing that all this long chain of "authority" was second, third, fourth, and fifth hand, and hung upon the slender thread of Motley's quotation—manifestly itself, at least in spelling, only a nineteenth-century version of Digges's words—thought it needful to have the original letter in the State Paper Office, London, examined, with the result, authenticated by the Deputy Master of the Rolls, Sir H. C. Maxwell-Lyte, that "paddy" turns out to be merely Motley's misreading or miscopying; Digges's word being "baddy."

The passage, copied verbatim, is as follows—where observe that Motley has changed the sixteenth-century "doubt" into the nineteenth-century "doubt not":

"I doubt the flower of the pressed English bandes are gone, and the remnant supplyed with such baddy persons as commonly, in voluntary procurements, men are glad to accept."

Paddy (adj.) thus drops out of the English language, unless, as a friend suggests, it should be retained for the purpose of conveniently denominating bogus words, which, originating in some misreading, misspelling, misprint, or other mistake, are uncritically "compiled" into one dictionary, and then sequaciously taken over from dictionary to dictionary *ad infinitum*. Some hundred such *paddy* words are current in the dictionaries, and it is very difficult, indeed, for even the most careful editor to steer clear of them without verification at every step—a task uncongenial to the compiler.

As to Digges's word *baddy*, I have not met with it anywhere else. Is it a derivative of *bad*, like *goody* from *good*, or *whity* from *white*; or could it be itself an error for *badde*, the earlier spelling of *bad*? *Baudy* or *bawdy* (the first of two adjectives so spelled), in the sense 'dirty, filthy,' is in some English dialects pronounced with the same vowel as *bad*, and seems also possible. It may be added that there is said to have been a dialect word *paddy*,='worm-eaten,' used in the Isle of Thanet in the eighteenth century, and registered by Lewis, from whom it was annexed by Pegge, and thence entered in a modern Kentish and, most reprehensibly, in a Hampshire Glossary (!), as if it were a living word. Had Digges's word actually been "paddy," one might have conjectured "worm-eaten" as a picturesque description of Leicester's inefficient soldiers, like a regiment of worm-eaten harbor-posts; but "baddy" is Digges's word, and "baddy," in spite of Motley and the long queue of dictionaries, we have to face.

J. A. H. Murray.

Oxford.

FRANKLIN'S OXFORD DEGREE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following extract from the original records of the University of Oxford must interest your readers as being new to them:

"The cause of the Convocation held on Friday, April 30, 1762, was that the most distinguished man, Benjamin Franklin Esquire, Legate of the Province of Pennsylvania to the Court of the Most Serene King, Deputy Postmaster-General for North America and of the postal service for all New England, Fellow of the Royal Society, should (if it so please the worshipful assembly) be admitted to the degree of Doctor in Civil Law, and that William Franklin, learned in municipal law, should be admitted to the degree of Master of Arts; also, that letters from the Most Honorable Chancellor to the Senate should be read and other academical business be transacted.

"The cause of the Convocation having been announced and the name of each having been separately declared by the Lord Vice-Chancellor, it pleased the worshipful assembly that the aforesaid most distinguished man, Benjamin Franklin, Esq., should be admitted to the degree of Doctor in Civil Law, and that the most distinguished man, William Franklin, should be admitted to the degree of Master of Arts.

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"The most eminent man, Benjamin Franklin, Esq., preceded by the beadle, having entered the hall of the Convocation and been taken by the right hand, was presented by Dominus William Seward, Fellow of the College of the Divine John the Baptist, after the delivery of an elegantly turned speech, to the Lord Vice-Chancellor and to the Heads of Colleges, that he might be admitted to the degree in Civil Law Honoris Causa. Whom, thus presented, the Lord Vice-Chancellor, by his own authority and that of the whole university, admitted to said degree Honoris Causa.

"The most distinguished of young men, William Franklin, Esq., having been presented in a similar manner by Thomas Nowell, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College and Public Orator, was admitted by the Lord Vice-Chancellor in a similar manner to the degree of Master in Arts."

The candidates generally were duly presented to the Vice-Chancellor and the Heads of the Colleges, with the customary honors, by Thomas Bever, M.C.L., "omnium animorum socius" or Fellow of All Souls, who seems to have been peculiarly fitted for this office, as he was often assigned to it. He was a gentleman of rare cultivation, taste, and learning; a lecturer on jurisprudence, Chancellor of Lincoln and Bangor, and devoted to music and the fine arts. Oddly enough, but doubtless not without a motive, the escort deputed to attend upon Franklin in his gown of pink and scarlet had far less claim to consideration. He was merely the Rev. William Seward, vicar of Charlbury, one of the Oxford livings, and, though a D.C.L. of 1753 and labelled "Dominus" in the archives, he appears to have been that and nothing more. The greatest honor of all in this connection was paid to William Franklin, who was attended by the Rev. Thomas Nowell, M.A., who happened to be of the same age as himself and was one of the chief dignitaries of the University. He was Secretary to the Chancellor, Treasurer and Dean of Oriel College, Principal of St. Mary's Hall, and for the last thirty years of his life Regius Professor of Modern History. He was also Public Orator from 1760 to 1776—an office of peculiar dignity and importance.

As all ceremonies of that nature are planned with a nice observance of precedent and an intention to "render to all their dues, . . . honour to whom honour," it is very plain that in this instance the Oxford dons did not propose to do any more honor to Franklin than they were obliged to, and that the extraordinary reversal of the natural and proper claims of father and son was not the result of accident, but was undoubtedly arranged beforehand with malice prepense—conduct all the more emphasized by the fact that William Franklin was really only his father's appendix, and was generally supposed to have been awarded his degree of M. A. merely from regard to him.

D.

June 9, 1903.

THE DEBASEMENT OF THE SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I presume my experience has not been very different from that of many of your readers, but the frequency and regularity with which such experiences occur set one to thinking the old familiar thoughts.

The election for judges here was coming off, and I was sitting in a popular drug-store in that part of the city of Chicago known as South Chicago, talking with the owner of the store, a real-estate man, a railroad agent, a bookkeeper, and a physician. The polling-place was three blocks away, and voting was then going on. All of us were duly registered and qualified voters. I urged the necessity of going to the polls and casting our votes for good men. Their reply was something like this:

"What is the use? We shall be swamped by a gang of Poles, Hungarians, and yawps that can't speak English, don't understand the system of government, and vote just as they are told to vote by their boss. If the election were to be determined by the intelligent portion of the community, we would be there with both feet, but we don't care to waste our time in bucking against a lot of cattle whose vote is just as good as ours."

While not defending this view of the case, it strikes me as casting a valuable sidelight on the sentiment of the average intelligent citizen regarding our present system of universal and unqualified suffrage. Unless I read the signs of the times amiss, the sentiment of the intelligent middle class in America is crystallizing into a feeling of positive hostility towards universal suffrage. In and about Chicago such sentiments are frequently voiced, not by doctrinaires and closet-philosophers, but by the common, ordinary, respectable "man on the street." Twenty years of close observation in Chicago have convinced me that some readjustment of the suffrage based on intelligence, and possibly what is known as "a stake in the country," would be welcomed by the average American citizen as a means of escape from some of our many flagrant political evils resulting from both ignorance and apatny.

So far as I can make out, there seems to be no antipathy here towards a man merely because he happened to be born outside of the United States. The Know-Nothing spirit is about dead, and, whether as the result of tolerance or indifference, religious views are not considered of much importance so long as a man is a "good fellow." But the social self, as psychologists call it, is strongly developed, and, if the hodcarriers, the coalheavers, and the lumber-shovers are going to the ball, and will be able to manage things to suit themselves, their betters will simply decline to participate.

If the purpose of our Constitution makers was to enlist the coöperation of the better classes of the community, they would seem to have been a little weak in their psychology. Economists have at last learned that the base money drives out the good money from circulation; possibly some day, if God is good to us, our statesmen may learn the psychological necessity of retiring from circulation the voter of light weight and dubious intrinsic value.

E. L. C. Morse.

Chicago, June 15, 1903.

THE HARVARD CHEER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society there is a letter written by Samuel Sewall in 1672, the year following his graduation from Harvard College, in which he relates an anecdote, not explained by the learned editors, which may throw some light on the origin of the familiar college cheer. I quote the passage:

"Here was one, who be(i)ng call'd to give in a Testimony, answered nothing but Ra Ra Ra with great deliberation: which expressions though very pathetical, and figurative, yet to a Civil Judge provd insignificant. And indeed, it would have puzzled a very discreet and learned man to have apprehended the strength of the Axiom that was begirt and swadled with so many Vinculums." (Mass. Hist. Soc. Collections. 6th Series, vol. i., Boston, 1886.)

What did this unwilling witness mean, when, being cited to testify in court, he answered nothing but "Ra Ra Ra" to his examiners? A footnote contains this unsatisfying information: "Of the 'Axiom that was begirt and swadled with so many Vinculums,' the editors have only had notions so transient and illusory that they decline to express them in the vernacular." This caution, however admirable from the point of view of historical criticism, is inappropriate amid the enthusiasms of the commencement season. Let us employ our historical imagination and boldly reconstruct the past. We have here the oldest recorded instance of the college "yell." The witness was perhaps a Harvard graduate, or still more probably an undergraduate, who had been placed under arrest on some petty charge. Being unwilling to testify, he took refuge in repeating the (new?) college cheer, puzzling the judge and confusing the process, but no doubt delighting his college friends assembled in the court-room. There is every reason to believe that he escaped with a light sentence.

It is a striking evidence of the tenacity of custom that Harvard should still utter her cheer "with great deliberation," as compared with the headlong speed of Yale. The words have of course ceased to be "pathetical," and there are now many "civil judges" to whom they are no longer "insignificant"; but they are "figurative" still, and that they must always remain.

John Winthrop Platner.

Andover, Mass., June 20, 1903.

Notes.

The Century Company's fall list of announcements includes 'Thirty Years of Musical Life in London,' by Hermann Klein; 'Theodore Leschetizky,' by the Countess Potocka; a 'Life of John Wesley,' by Prof. C. T. Winchester; 'Little Stories,' by Weir Mitchell; and a large work on recent explorations in Northern Syria, by Howard Crosby Butler.

Prof. Paul S. Reinsch's 'Colonial Administration' will appear in the autumn with Macmillan's imprint, as will Sir Gilbert Parker's 'Quebec; the Place and the People.'

The Outlook Company will bring out 'The Forest,' by Stewart Edward White, an account of his exploration of the Giant Redwoods.

'Along Four-Footed Trails,' among Western animals, by Miss Ruth A. Cook, is in the press of James Pott & Co., with illustrations by Miss Mabel Williamson.

'Famous Assassinations,' from Philip of Macedon down, is soon to be published by A. C. McClurg & Co.

Mr. Frederic L. Paxson, who has had ac-

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cess to the archives of the British Foreign Office, the Department of State, and of the Adams family, has prepared an important work on 'The Independence of the South American Republics: A Study in Recognition and Foreign Policy,' which Ferris & Leach, Philadelphia, will bring out. It will not diminish J. Q. Adams's share in originating the so-called Monroe Doctrine, which will be antedated.

The History of the Talmud from 200 B. C. to the present day will be issued next September by the New Talmud Publishing Co. of this city (1117 Simpson Street), under Dr. Rodkinson's editorship.

We have received the 'Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs' for 1902, edited by J. Castell Hopkins and published in Toronto (William Briggs). The Dominion has not lacked for this sort of manual, *e. g.*, Mr. Morgan's 'Annual Dominion Register,' to say nothing of the Statistical Year-Book issued by the Department of Agriculture and now in its eighteenth year; nor has it apparently lacked popular desire to review the State's immediate past, whereas on the bustling side of the border from which we write there is no demand for such retrospects. The divisions of the present 'Review' are Government and Politics, Relations with the Empire, Canada and the War, Relations with Foreign Countries, The Canadian Militia, Dominion and Provincial Finances, Transportation Interests, Agriculture, etc., etc., with a care for religious and moral interests, education, labor, literature, and journalism. Three pages are devoted to the copyright question in Canada. A Canadian obituary and index of names and affairs conclude the volume, which is liberally supplied with portraits of public characters—Sir Wilfrid Laurier for frontispiece, the late Principal Grant, Mr. Tarte, Dr. George R. Parkin (Supervisor of the Rhodes Scholarships), Ministers, and soldiers of the Boer war.

A pleasant light is cast upon the relations of Ruskin and Gladstone by a volume privately printed in England, containing several letters of Ruskin's to Miss Mary Gladstone (now Mrs. Drew) and Miss Helen Gladstone, together with an introduction by the Right Hon. G. Wyndham, M.P., and an appendix by Canon Scott Holland ('Letters to M. G. and H. G.') Copies are now obtainable of Mr. John Armstrong, No. 93 Fifth Avenue, at a price fixed for the benefit of an English charity. One can piece together, from this material, a delightful picture of the first meeting of the two great men at Hawarden. Every fresh turn in the conversation showed anew how utterly irreconcilable were their opinions and tendencies, yet the net result of the visit was Ruskin's recantation of his censure of Gladstone's political motives, and Gladstone's record in his diary that he found Ruskin "in some respects an unrivalled guest." The letters themselves are of unfailing interest to every lover of Ruskin. Their authorship is unmistakable. Thus: "The second volume [of 'Praeterita'] is giving me a lot of trouble, because I have to describe things in it that people never see nowadays—and it's like writing about the moon. Also, when I begin to crow a little, it doesn't read so pretty as the humble pie." The period covered by this correspondence is 1878-1887.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's 'Founder of Christianity' (Boston: American Unitarian Association) is marked by the attractive style in which its author cannot but express his thought, whatever subject he may have in hand; but the rhetorical device by which he fancies himself and his readers listening to the discourse of Jesus is so managed that only here and there it seems to be remembered, much oftener to be forgotten. The critical basis of Mr. Smith's portrayal is a good deal more positive than that of the New Testament critics of the 'Encyclopædia Biblica,' but his conception of Jesus is purely humanitarian. While he is under no compulsion to extort from him agreement with his own body of opinion, but frankly doubts or differs where he must, yet is there something of what Emerson called "the subjective twinkle" in his summary of Jesus's teachings, and one could gather from these pages what Mr. Smith admires and what he abhors, as confidently as what the Founder of Christianity thought and did and was.

In noticing the appearance of the last volume of Dr. Cheyne's 'Encyclopædia Biblica' there is need of few words besides those which may express satisfaction at the completion of a truly great work, and congratulations to the editors at the close of their labors. Whatever we may think of Jerahmeel or of Dr. Cheyne's method of textual emendation, he has unquestionably furnished in these four volumes not only a storehouse of fact and conjecture, but an enduring stimulus to further research. Especially has Dr. Cheyne forced on the English Biblical world a facing of the latest development of New Testament criticism on the Continent. *Videant consules* must now be the word for the English Church, so long comforted with a vague idea that criticism would stop at the Old Testament. Yet it is a pertinent query how such a cry can be raised when the dignitaries of that Church are themselves in the threatening camp. Nor will casting out Dr. Cheyne do much good, though hypotheses as to his exegesis of the thirty-nine articles may be much in place. As to details, Dr. Cheyne's own articles are as numerous, learned, suggestive and bewildering as ever. Other long articles of eminent importance are Simon Peter (68 cols.) and Resurrection and Ascension Narratives (47 cols.) by Schmiedel, Son of God and Son of Man (50 cols.) by N. Schmidt, Sacrifice (50 cols.) by G. F. Moore, Text and Versions (53 cols.) by F. C. Burkitt, and Trade and Commerce (52 cols.) by G. A. Smith. Of these, Text and Versions is disappointing in details, and Trade and Commerce is of remarkable freshness and originality. Finally, it may be noticed that Biblical Theology, which was formally excluded from the plan at the first, but to which some little attention was paid in Vol. III., in this volume is very fairly treated. Dr. Cheyne explains in his preface that the numerous recent studies in apocryphal and apocalyptic literature now render that possible.

The fourth volume (Chazars-Dreyfus Case) of Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls's 'Jewish Encyclopædia' continues the excellent impression made by the third. It contains several articles of much more than Jewish interest. The account, for example, of the mediæval Turkish people and kingdom of the Chazars, with their close relationships to Judaism—the last chance which Judaism has had of becoming a dominant faith—will be full of surprises to many who think they know European mediæval history. The full statement, too, of coats of arms assumed by Jews—on much better grounds it must be confessed, because granted by recognized heraldic authorities, than the vast majority of our own American armorial bearings—is unexpectedly picturesque and suggestive of the varied haps of fortune. History, here, is put into pictures with more truth than the pomp of heraldry often can boast. But the prime article of the volume is undoubtedly contained in the twenty-eight pages given to the Dreyfus case. It is significantly unsigned, and contains a patient and lucid statement of the whole matter from the beginning. Its value fairly justifies its length and rises to the essential importance of its subject.

Mr. C. H. W. Johns's little book, 'The Oldest Code of Laws in the World' (Edinburgh; T. & T. Clark; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), will be welcome to many as a very short presentation of the Hammurabi code, the importance of which Professor Delitzsch has brought home to every one. It contains nothing but a too literal translation, and an elaborate index which serves as a digest of the code. Some comment should certainly have been added.

A translation of Professor Delitzsch's two 'Babel und Bibel' lectures has also been made by Mr. Johns (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The translation seems fair, but the introduction, by the translator, is a singular mixture of crudity and regrettable tone.

Simply from the nature of the case, Dr. Messerschmidt's contribution on the Hittites to Mr. David Nutt's litle series, "The Ancient East," is very unsatisfactory. Everything said upon the Hittites—if we can even dare to use that name—must be said hesitantly if at all, and very little can be said even at that. Still, we have here a fair gathering up of some few approximately certain results, stated with a fitting dubiety.

The correspondents are already gathering to the Macedonian slaughter, and Mr. W. E. Curtis has got in well ahead with a reprint of his articles on the Balkan situation to the Chicago *Record-Herald* ('The Turk and his Lost Provinces'; New York: F. H. Revell Co.). The ground covered in them is Constantinople, Bosnia, Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece, and they are distinctly above the ordinary newspaper type, both in accuracy and in ability. Whether all the interesting, not to say piquant, information which was supplied by residents is just so or not, Mr. Curtis's pictures combine with their vividness a high degree of faithfulness. The Austrian administration of Bosnia, the political situation in Servia, and at least part of the inside of Miss Stone's case are well brought out.

The last publication of the Student Volunteer Movement for foreign missions is an elaborate atlas covering the Protestant field, with a volume of descriptive geography. The atlas, with its gazetteer bristling with contractions, is really admirable; it compresses in easily accessible form an enormous mass of facts. The volume of descriptive geography is much lighter reading and of somewhat more ordinary missionary type. It may be questioned whether it stands in any essential relationship to the atlas.

'The Stuarts,' by Mr. J. J. Foster (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is a work in two volumes

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that derives importance from the magnificent expanse of its page and the beauty of its illustrations. Such photogravures are seldom seen either in books of biography or in the more pretentious publications which are devised to ensnare the amateur of art. Not only are these illustrations of an unusually excellent quality, but they are furnished in profusion. Mr. Foster seems to have had access to all the collections in Great Britain, from those of the King to those of the scattered individuals in almost every county who have come into possession of Stuart relics by inheritance or the chances of the auction room. What the author has selected, the publishers have lavishly set forth, as honesty required, for the work is an expensive one. We shall not attempt to give even a summary list of the treasures which are here represented. Van Dyck, Lely, and Kneller are all given their place, the first being shown at his best through portraits of Charles I., Henrietta Maria, Strafford, and the children of Charles I.; Lely receiving fair treatment, and Kneller (doubtless through force of circumstances) receiving rather less than fair treatment. Old prints, medals, miniatures, and holographs are also depicted in large numbers. The work begins with Mary Stuart and ends with Cardinal York. Mr. Foster furnishes letterpress of the quality which one expects from an accomplished antiquary. It only remains for us to state that the foregoing notice is based upon the author's edition, which is limited to 150 copies.

Mr. Henry H. Sprague's 'Women under the Law of Massachusetts' first appeared in 1884, when we noticed it in these columns. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, now publish a second edition. It is a convenient handbook of some ninety pages, not a legal treatise, but "simply an attempt to state intelligibly the rights, privileges, and disabilities of women under the law of Massachusetts, especially so far as they are different from those enjoyed by or imposed upon men." It is a curious fact that the changes made in the law in twenty years, especially after what had been already done, should have been many and great. These changes have been mainly in the direction of making the modern system more symmetrical, and the result, according to Mr. Sprague, is that it is hard to say with which sex the advantage rests—*i. e.*, whether, so far as legal position goes, it is better to be born a man or a woman. Blackstone thought that the female sex was greatly favored by the common law. What would he have thought of our system?

The George T. Bisel Co., Philadelphia, publish a 'Treatise on the Law Relating to Private Corporations in Pennsylvania,' by Frank M. Eastman. The book necessarily has a mainly local interest; though wherever no decisions of the Pennsylvania courts have been made on "essential subjects," the author has "cited decisions of the courts of other States or best writers of authority thereupon." It is not a mere compilation of statutes and decisions relating to corporations, but an attempt to state what the law is for the Pennsylvania lawyer, who will find it of considerable value. The first half of the volume deals with general principles, the remainder with particular classes of corporations, of which the number, in Pennsylvania as elsewhere, is always on the increase. So far as we have been able to examine it, the work is well and carefully done.

We must leave to technical journals the appreciation of 'An Introduction to the Study of Textile Design,' by Aldred F. Barker, head of the department of textile industries, Bradford Municipal Technical College (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It is a text-book which seeks to cover the ground the student should master during the first two years of the Textile School. That ground includes a thorough understanding of hand- and power-looms, with a special knowledge of all textile structures, science of cloth construction, the designing of interlacings, and principles of drafting. The work is beautifully printed, and the illustrations and diagrams so adequate as to convey understanding even to the untechnical mind.

The far more bibliographical than historical 'Geschichte der Arabischen Litteratur' of Professor Brockelmann is largely responsible for M. Cl. Huart's 'Littérature Arabe' (Paris: Armand Colin). The German work has practically been shorn of its details and thrown into easy running French, with here and there an intercalated bit of independence. As a consequence, while M. Huart's accurate and full book will undoubtedly be useful, it makes a very small step towards being a history of the Arabic literature. We have a crowd of names of authors and their works classified in a mechanical fashion, affording little insight into the great movements of their times. Perhaps we are not yet at the point where it will be possible to grasp firmly and trace clearly the threads of development in the literatures of the Muslims. The problems are undoubtedly great and obscure. M. Huart's bibliography is singularly inadequate, but he has given an excellent index.

A trifle late for this year's planning and planting comes a useful and well-illustrated horticultural treatise, 'The Flower Garden: A Handbook of Practical Garden Lore,' by Ida D. Bennet (McClure, Phillips & Co.). The author is perfectly right in calling this volume practical. Even the pretty cloth cover of the binding (on which, by the way, the name is spelled Bennett) seems fitted for the greenhouse and for use in the open-air garden. The indexes and plans are remarkably practical, and the text is full of practical information without being dull. A few of the illustrations are among the most beautiful engravings of flowers which have yet come under our observation.

The journal *Garden and Forest* afforded to Professor Sargent a dignified and attractive medium for the publication of notes respecting the more interesting plants in the Arnold Arboretum. The large page of that journal was unexceptionable in its typography, and the engravings were well executed. Among the keen regrets that were felt when *Garden and Forest* was suspended, was that which came from the knowledge that the Arboretum notes were to cease. Now, however, in a more sumptuous style, with a fairer page, and with more elaborate engravings, the notes are resumed. 'Trees and Shrubs: Illustrations of new and little known ligneous plants, prepared chiefly from material at the Arnold Arboretum' (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is to be published at irregular intervals. Each volume will comprise one hundred plates; the four separate parts of each volume, with explanatory text, will cover about two years in publication. Mr. Faxon gives to these plates the spirit and truth which have characterized all of his work, and therefore one must feel that the loss of *Garden and Forest* is in part made up by this new publication.

In *Flora and Sylva* we have a new claimant for the favor which always stands waiting in England for any worthy treatise on gardens and gardening. This is a London review, published monthly, in what has been called the quasi-quarto form—that is to say, it is hardly a quarto, and it is rather too large for octavo, but just large enough for effective plates. Although the first number has an article or two about American plants, the journal is obviously designed for the English public which always purchases Mr. Robinson's works. The price ($8 for this country) is certainly reasonable for the year's subscription.

Professors Dall' Osso and Pais, who have been engaged in the archæological investigations in San Marzano and Poggiomarino on the eastern slope of Mt. Vesuvius, report some exceptionally interesting finds. Among these are the remains of an extensive villa dating from the period of Augustus. This building was found several metres below the present surface, and had been completely covered by fields under cultivation. The excavated portions of the villa show an absolute absence of ashes or lava, and it is clear that they were not destroyed by the eruption. This is new evidence proving the correctness of the statement of Pliny, that during the eruption of 79 a strong south wind blew all the ashes to the north side of the volcano, and that the eastern slope was left perfectly intact. But the special significance of the new find consists in this, that the foundation walls of the villa are separated by a stratum of 1½ metres from a stratum of ashes, beneath which prehistoric tombs were discovered. The ash stratum, then, was the result of an eruption that antedated by hundreds of years the famous destruction in the first century; in the valley of the Sarna are the remains of several villages destroyed by Vesuvius in prehistoric times. Professor Dall' Osso has undertaken extensive diggings to uncover these.

The Turkish diplomat, Feridun Bey, has bequeathed to the Hungarian Academy of Sciences the sum of half a million francs. A communication from Vámbéry in the *Pesther Lloyd* states that this sum is to be used chiefly for Turkish and Mohammedan students pursuing their studies in Hungary, in the technical branches, in agriculture, in music, and in painting. A further stipend of 3,200 francs is to be given for special studies on the linguistic and ethnological connection between the Turks and the Hungarians.

—The increasing interest in the Loyalists of the Revolution is noticeable in recent historical investigation. 'The Confiscation of John Chandler's Estate,' by Andrew McFarland Davis (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a case in point. The book is an elaboration of a paper read by Mr. Davis before the American Antiquarian Society in October, 1900. Rather more than half of it consists of the documents bearing on the subject. There are four distinct collections of these, and they have been grouped in four appendices. The first is made up of certified

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copies of the papers on file in the Probate Court of Worcester County; the second is a transcript of the records of the trial, under the Confiscation Act of 1780, in the Court of Common Pleas; the third embraces copies of papers in the Massachusetts archives; the fourth contains the transcripts of papers in the English Public Record Office, bearing on Chandler's case, made by B. F. Stevens and presented, in 1901, to the American Antiquarian Society. The first and the last group constitute by far the largest and most important of the documents. The author begins with an excellent account of the Chandler family and then gives a careful and exhaustive analysis of the documents. Whatever the necessity for assailing the Loyalists as a class, the history of the Chandler family illustrates one of the essential resulting evils of it, namely, that it was too often an attack upon what was best and soundest and most worth preserving in the colonial world —what might have been of inestimable value to the new republic could it have been preserved. Here was a Worcester family representing the best the province could boast in wealth, ability, character, and general culture, which was broken up and dispersed, and its power as a political, intellectual, and social force largely if not quite destroyed. This, certainly, whatever the necessity, was deplorable. There is an excellent portrait of Chandler, the original of which is the property of the American Antiquarian Society. The date usually assigned to this portrait, 1764, Mr. Davis gives reasons for supposing to be incorrect (p. 21). He has performed excellently a service for which all students of Revolutionary history must be grateful.

—The 'Letters and Diary of John Rowe, Boston Merchant,' edited by Anne Rowe Cunningham, with extracts from a paper written for the Massachusetts Historical Society by Edward Lillie Pierce (Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.), appears in a form both serviceable and attractive. The work of the editor has apparently been confined to furnishing an exact copy of the manuscript, together with nine very excellent illustrations, six of which are reproductions of portraits of John Rowe and members or intimates of his family. The introduction, of sixty pages, consists of extracts of Mr. Pierce's paper, and is a painstaking, serviceable, and interesting summary of what the Diary may be made to yield. From it one learns, almost as truly as from the Diary itself, and with much less effort, what the Boston of the latter eighteenth century was like, viewed through the very practical eyes of a prosperous merchant. Rowe was, however, more than merely that; he was active in local politics, and aspired to the Assembly, being, however, defeated several times. In the conflict with England he was a moderate, opposing the action of the mother country, yet never favoring resort to hostilities. In spite of this fact, he avoided the odium of loyalism, and, before the peace was signed, was returned to the General Court. Rowe was, too, a leader in social activities, keeping open house, and himself the welcome guest of most of the notable families in the province, sustaining to the end cordial relations with Adams and Otis. So great was the variety of Rowe's interests and activities, indeed, that one gets glimpses of all phases of contemporary life. Dancing assemblies, political clubs, coffee-house meetings, Harvard festivities, commercial panics, fires, duelling, the policing of Boston, and many other matters are touched upon more or less frequently, but always briefly, sanely, in matter-of-fact fashion. There is here no speculation, no philosophy, no intellectual insight, no style even, but just brief jottings by a busy man. For variety of fact rather than for ideas will this book prove useful to the student of history; it is, nevertheless, a welcome addition to our knowledge of the Revolutionary era. The letters cover the period 1759-1762, the diary 1764-1779. A good index has been prepared.

—The American Book Company has recently published, under the editorship of Mr. O. G. Bunnell, M.S., of the Flexner School, Louisville, Ky., an edition of the anti-clerical play "Electra," by Pérez Galdós. The edition is thoroughly vicious, and cannot be too strongly condemned. The cutting has been so skilfully done that the main thesis, and everything leading to it, is omitted. The point Galdós makes is, that religious fanaticism, as fostered by the religious orders even in their lay members, will lead a man to any extreme for the sake of gaining his end. In the play in question, Pantoja, a devotee, very much attached to a given religious order, had been in his earlier days anything but exemplary in his living. His relations with Eleuteria, mother of Electra, had been of such a nature as to give him ground for suspecting Electra to be his own daughter. He becomes possessed of the idea that, if he can persuade Electra to sacrifice her pure young life and enter a convent, he may thereby atone for his own immorality and gain salvation. Consequently he bends all his energies to the accomplishment of that purpose. But Electra falls in love with Máximo, and Pantoja's arguments fail to convince her that she should enter the convent. Pantoja then tells her that she cannot marry Máximo because they are both children of the same mother. The statement is false. It unbalances the mind of the girl whom he considers to be his daughter, and blackens still more the reputation of the woman he pretends to love; but it accomplishes his purpose, for the crazed Electra at last consents to take the veil. Now the dialogue with Doña Evarista, in which Panaoja confesses his past misdeeds and his suspicions that Electra is his own daughter, is so edited by Mr. Bunnell as to eliminate the confession. The same may be said of the dialogue with Electra, when he tells her his abominable lie. But in the ninth scene of the fifth act the shade of Electra's mother appears to her and says: "I am your mother, and I have come to calm the anxieties of your loving heart. My voice will give you back your peace of conscience. *No tie of blood unites you to the man who chose you to be his wife. What you heard was a fiction dictated by love for the purpose of bringing you into our company and into the calm of this holy house.*" Mr. Bunnell has forgotten to erase the sentences italicised. We must add that resort to the original will show that his cuts were not made in the way of ordinary expurgation; the omitted passages contain nothing that could not with perfect propriety be read in any mixed class of students old enough to read the play intelligently.

—How far back in historic times can it be proved that lions existed in Greece? inquires Dr. A. B. Meyer, Director of the Zoölogical Museum at Dresden. Lions were known in neighboring countries. They occurred in Palestine in the time of the Crusades, and in Syria they have been known from the oldest times to the present. In 1400 B. C., Amenophis III. of Egypt conducted great lion hunts in northern Syria, although in Egypt the lion was rare. Ancient writers also speak of lion hunts in Arabia. The beast is common in Mesopotamia to-day, and is found in the Zagros Mountains in Persia, and in northwest India. Over the greater part of Europe are found remains of the fossil lion. This is the diluvial lion (*Felis spelæa*), identical, according to most authorities, with the modern lion. So the lion may once have lived in Greece, and it is asserted that fossil bones have been found there, although no recent lion bones have been found; he may have gradually retreated to the East before the advance of civilization. To say, however, that the representation of the lion on a dagger blade from Mycenæ, or on the gate of Mycenæ, was taken from a real native lion, would be to assert too strongly. Like modern artists, the ancients may have had the lion of captivity before them. Homer describes the lion true to life in the Iliad (xi., 544 ff.); but this description may have been written in Asia Minor. Herodotus (484-430 B. C.) declares that many lions were found between the River Achelous in Acarnania and the Nestus, which flows through Abdera, and he says this concerning Xerxes's march through Macedonia (480 B. C.), when the lions killed some pack camels. Aristotle (384-322 B. C.) assigns the same district to the lion, but seems to have taken the description from Herodotus. However, Aristotle was a native of Stagira, and had lived in Macedonia, and so may have had opportunity to verify his assertion. Xenophon, also (428-355 B. C.), is quoted for the existence of the lion in historic times in south Thrace. This is as far back as historic testimony goes, and does not cover the Peloponnesus. The progress of diggings may strengthen the argument from analogy, and may help settle the question whether in Greece, as elsewhere in Europe, the cave lion has existed at the same time with the cave man. The general subject is discussed in an interesting way by Sir G. C. Lewis in *Notes and Queries* (2d series, v. 8-9, 1859-60).

—The ninth consecutive play in the Shaksperean series of "Senior Dramatics" at Smith College last week was "Love's Labor's Lost." The experiment was interesting, not only because this piece is rather well fitted for performance by women alone, but also because it is so seldom staged as to make precedent and tradition scanty. However arrived at, the conception as here embodied was laudable, while the spectacular effects were, as usual, in the main refined and beautiful. On the other hand, the diction, falling much below Shakespere's best level, and abounding in quip, pun, and repartee, was peculiarly exacting, and called for a very delicately shaded delivery and, above all, for the utmost distinctness. This last can hardly be said to have been met, whether from defects of voice or of training. But it was once more observable how adequately the

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humorous rôles are capable of being interpreted by the Smith College graduates. Some of those in "Love's Labor's Lost" were memorably presented, insuring a genuine amusement and applause. In fine, the impression produced was more mixed than has been customary. Perhaps the quality of the play itself had something to do with this; and if so, it is once more worth while asking if the limit of practicable choice in Shakspere has not been reached or overpassed. We are convinced at least of the expediency of such an assumption, and that it is time to begin to repeat what has been successfully grappled with heretofore.

LEONARDO AND THE STAIRCASE AT BLOIS.

Spirals in Nature and Art. By Theodore Andrea Cook, M.A., F.S.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., 1903.

There is a good deal of information about "spirals in nature and art" in Mr. Cook's volume, and many interesting illustrations and much ingenious theorizing, the greater part of all this bearing but indirectly upon the main object of the book as divulged in the long sub-title. That sub-title is: "A study of spiral formations based on the manuscripts of Leonardo da Vinci, with special reference to the architecture of the open staircase at Blois, in Touraine, now for the first time shown to be from his designs." His generalizations we may therefore neglect as beyond the competence of the student of art, and as immaterial to his purpose of proving the authorship of the celebrated staircase, and we may devote ourselves to the consideration of the arguments advanced by him in support of his ascription of it to Leonardo. It is extremely difficult to explain these arguments without recourse to diagrams or illustrations, but we shall do our best to state them fairly and then to examine their cogency.

First, as to possibility, three things seem to be certain. Although no architectural work of his is known to exist, it is known that Leonardo had occupied himself with architecture and considered himself, and was considered by others, a competent architect, his official title in France being "First Painter, Engineer, and Architect to the King." He was at Amboise, not far away, at about the time when this staircase may have been planned, and when the wing of the château containing it was building; and we have no knowledge of any other work on which he was occupied save a few sketches of projects never carried out.

As to probability, the argument is more subtle and may be arranged something like this: The staircase at Blois is a beautiful work of art, and Leonardo is the greatest artist of whom we can certainly say that he may have been connected with it; it is a spiral, and Leonardo is known to have devoted much study to spirals of all sorts; it is a *reversed* spiral, like a left-handed screw, and Leonardo was a left-handed man who habitually drew spirals and screws in that manner; finally, it shows such close resemblances, in both internal and external structure, to a particular shell (*Voluta vespertilio*), common in Italy, as to convince Mr. Cook that its design was founded upon that shell; and Leonardo was a naturalist and an Italian. Just here there is a slight confusion in Mr. Cook's argument, which is not, however, of much importance. *Voluta vespertilio* is generally dextral, but occasionally sinistral. On page 89 the author argues that "an Italian collector would be more likely to have the sinistral form of a common shell than its ordinary growth," while on page 177 he says "It is more probable that he [Leonardo] did not have before his eyes" the rarer form, and that his reversal of the curves before him is "a triumphant vindication of his skill."

Conceding that, if the architect of the staircase at Blois worked from a shell at all, it is unimportant whether he copied a sinistral shell or reversed a dextral one, let us examine the reasons for belief in the probability that that architect was Leonardo da Vinci. Mr. Cook is so fair in his statement of the case that almost all the facts we shall need to consider are to be found in his volume. There have been many great artists, known and unknown, besides Leonardo, and there were many spiral staircases built before that at Blois, so that the first two points need not detain us. The third is worthy of more attention. The sinistral spiral has never been as rare in art as Mr. Cook seems to imagine, though, no doubt, it has been less common than the dextral. In discussing spiral columns, he does not mention that, in the Duomo at Florence and in Or San Michele, as in many other buildings, the two forms occur with almost precisely equal frequency, being used in pairs, the left-handed spiral balancing the right-handed one; but in the more immediately important matter of sinistral stairways he gives instances enough of such construction to minimize the force of any argument from its occurrence in a given case. For instance, on page 139, he states that, in the old part of Blarney Castle, "every staircase without exception is sinistral in form," and that "there is a spiral staircase in the stronghold of the Black Douglas, Tantallon Castle, near North Berwick, and this also is sinistral," while on page 144 he figures, after Viollet-le-Duc, another left-handed staircase from "the now vanished Collège de Montaigu in Paris." He even gives a "military reason" for this construction, saying that "Cormack M'Carthy, the Strong, fully appreciated the advantages involved in having his own right hand free to attack an ascending foe, who would only be able to use his left hand in defence." In discussing the Blois staircase, this reason becomes somewhat transformed, as we are told that "this arrangement produces an effect of hospitality in the curve, for a host could walk down it with welcoming right hand outstretched to the ascending guest, who was in his turn helped in his ascent by keeping his own right hand on the side rail." These and other reasons for the superiority of the sinistral staircase are indeed so good that it seems strange that it was not oftener constructed, and altogether unnecessary to invoke a left-handed architect to account for one example of it.

Mr. Cook's especial point, however, is the resemblance of the staircase at Blois to *Voluta vespertilio*. He has already shown that the general resemblance of a spiral staircase to a shell, sufficiently obvious at any rate, has long been recognized, and that a staircase at Fiesole is called the "Scala della Conchiglia," and another, in Venice, the "Scala del Bovolo." Also, that a staircase in the old part of the Château of Blois, built "many years before Leonardo was in France," is at least as like *Telescopium telescopium* as the later one is like *Voluta vespertilio*. Yet he does not "for a moment suggest that there was any conscious comparison in the mind of the fifteenth-century architect," because the characteristics of this staircase are "susceptible of a simple architectural explanation." The resemblances which Mr. Cook points out between *Voluta* and the Blois staircase are mainly two. *Voluta* has four spiral plaits upon the columella, or central column of the shell, and there are four well-marked spiral lines upon the newell of the staircase; *Voluta* has marked perpendicular ridges on its exterior, which give it a buttressed effect somewhat suggestive of the exterior construction of the staircase. Of the four spirals on the newell, three are structural, and two already existed in the old staircase at Blois just referred to. These two are the cornice and the hand-rail, and are accounted for by "a simple architectural explanation"; to them the builder of the newer staircase added a base-moulding and a moulding a little above the hand-rail. The base-moulding surely needs no explanation; is a conscious imitation of a shell necessary to explain the other? When we note that the mouldings of the staircase are unequally spaced, while the plaits of the shell are spaced equally, and that the added moulding above the hand-rail is interrupted by perpendicular colonnettes, while the plaits of the shell are all continuous, Mr. Cook's explanation becomes both unnecessary and inadequate, and we are forced to the conclusion that the internal structure of the staircase at Blois is a beautiful but perfectly natural evolution from that of older examples. Its external structure is so natural to an architect brought up in Gothic principles of building that any resemblance to a shell must seem accidental and fanciful. Mr. Cook says (p. 166) "that any ordinary architect would have made the lines of his external balustrades correspond with the main external lines of the floors"; but his figures 23 and 25 show that there were plenty of precedents for the contrary course. Indeed, the precedents are so many that it may almost be said that the architects of spiral stairways *habitually* followed the curve of the stairs with their external balustrades when there were any such balustrades. All the resemblances between the staircase at Blois and the shell *Voluta vespertilio* seem to be exactly what Mr. Cook asks if they can be—"one more example . . . of the fortuitous correspondence between perfect workmanship and the lines of Nature."

While the positive reasons for believing that Leonardo da Vinci may have designed the staircase at Blois seem thus to reduce themselves to next to nothing, there is a reason for believing him not to have been the designer which Mr. Cook does not seem to have perceived. Leonardo was an Italian of the high Renaissance, a possible collaborator of Bramante (see p. 151), and a deeply learned man. Is it possible that such a man should have designed in the semi-Gothic style of French architecture of the time of Francis I.? To us it seems at least highly improbable. Mr. Cook

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gives us none of those architectural sketches by Leonardo "collected by Baron Henry de Geymüller." Are any of them of other than classic forms?

MORE BOOKS ON MUSICAL TOPICS.

[*The Oxford History of Music.*] Vol. III., *The Music of the Seventeenth Century.* By C. Hubert H. Parry. Vol. IV., *The Age of Bach and Handel.* By J. A. Fuller Maitland. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.

Haydn. By J. Cuthbert Hadden. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Musical Education. By Albert Lavignac. D. Appleton & Co.

The Story of Oratorio. By Annie W. Patterson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Two more volumes have been added to the six which will constitute the Oxford History of Music. Volume III., by Sir Hubert Parry, follows the early monodic movement from its origin in Josquin to its culmination in Purcell, while Volume IV., by Mr. Fuller Maitland, is concerned chiefly with Bach and Handel. Sir Hubert begins his task with the declaration that "the seventeenth century is, musically, almost a blank, even to those who take more than the average interest in the art," and that to the casual observer most of its products seem little better than archæological curiosities. All the more credit belongs to the author for having succeeded in making even this barren period interesting to the seeker for information. The book is divided into ten chapters headed Antecedents, Initiatives, Links between the Old Art and the New, Diffusion of New Principles, Signs of Change in England, The Influence of French Taste, English Music after the Commonwealth, Foundations of Modern Instrumental Music, Tendencies of Italian Art, The Beginning of German Music.

Before the seventeenth century "music was almost as much restricted to the functions of religion as painting and sculpture were to subjects connected with religious history or the hagiology of the church." The new century's task was to throw off these ecclesiastic limitations in matters musical and to develop the worldly side of the art, which had indeed existed in a crude form among the people, but had had little artistic recognition. The rhythmic quality, in particular, had been neglected, nay, deliberately suppressed, owing to its association with physical activity in general and dancing in particular. Besides furthering the development of rhythm, the seventeenth century had to cultivate a taste for harmony (chords) as such, and to help to create an idiomatic language for various instruments, which up to that time had stupidly followed the style of polyphonic vocal music. In the discussion of these several points our author proves himself once more a man of letters as well as a scholar, and his readers will also be grateful for the very numerous illustrations in musical type. Much space is deservedly given to Monteverde, the Italian Wagner. England, too, plays a prominent rôle at this time, but, after dealing with a series of composers, greatest among whom was Purcell, Sir Hubert has to acknowledge the tragic fact that the essentially English attitude towards art which Purcell represented in his highest achievements for church, concert-room, or theatre, led to no ulterior development. Our author's remarks on Puritanism are interesting. Some historians have maintained that the Puritans practically killed English music, while others strenuously have denied this. Sir Hubert makes a distinction of importance. While admitting that, in consequence of Puritanism, the occupation of composers of church music was gone, he notes that the Puritan policy acted as the greatest incentive to the cultivation of familiar and domestic forms of art of a genuinely secular kind; so that in truth, as he might have added, the influence of Puritanism accidentally coincided with the general tendency of the seventeenth century—the secularization of music.

Mr. Maitland's volume on the age of Bach and Handel covers familiar ground which has been explored so thoroughly by other historians, particularly Germans, that little was left for him to say. Though those two giants are in the foreground, biographic details are eschewed, in accordance with the general plan of this series of volumes. Special chapters are devoted to different kinds of music: the choral, the cantata, the passion, Latin church music, the oratorio. Then there is a very good chapter on the development of the orchestra, followed by others on the growth of form, the rise of virtuosity, the state of music in Germany, Italy, France, and England. In the period under consideration great changes took place in all departments of music; the most important of them being that the composers learned to conceive their ideas on a harmonic basis, and gradually gave up the contrapuntal interweaving of parts. Forms were made more organic, and the powers of emotional expression were developed. The new spirit is best exemplified in Bach. Mr. Maitland's comparison of Bach and Handel will probably incense many of his countrymen, but it is strictly true:

"The genius of the two men worked in exactly opposite directions; and if in studying Handel we seem to have our eyes turned always towards the past, in Bach we are continually brought face to face with idioms and turns of expression which are so much of the essence of modern music that the student is tempted to imagine that the art has made no progress since Bach, . . . whose compositions are sometimes felt to be less definitely belonging to a bygone day than many things by Mozart or Haydn."

Considering the importance of Haydn in the history of music, the literature relating to him is small. Mr. Hadden's new volume has only 231 pages, yet he justly claims that it is the fullest life of Haydn that has hitherto appeared in English. It is necessarily based largely on the monograph commenced by Pohl and completed by Mandyczewski. The chief reason of the scant literature relating to Haydn is; of course, that, with the exception of Bach, he had a more uneventful career than any other composer of the first rank. Another reason is the fact that Haydn was not highly educated, and took little interest in anything besides music; nor was he a good letter-writer. Yet he was an interesting character, and the chapter on Haydn the Man is particularly readable. His gratitude was quite exceptional, as is instanced by this sentence from his last will: "To Fräulein Anna Buchholz, 100 florins, inasmuch as in my youth her grandfather lent me 150 florins when I greatly needed them, which, however, I repaid fifty years ago." He had a hard time as a young man, some of his duties being the blacking of his teacher's boots, trimming his wig, brushing his coat, and running his errands, as well as playing his accompaniments. But he always preserved his humor, in his music as well as in his actions, even when, as in the case of his "Farewell" and "Surprise" symphonies (pp. 73, 89), his jokes were misinterpreted. A chapter on Haydn the Composer completes Mr. Hadden's book; the appendix includes, among other things, a selection of Haydn's letters.

"How English!" every reader of Dr. Annie W. Patterson's book on the Oratorio must exclaim. The oratorio is peculiarly an English diversion, and it is from the English point of view that it is here considered. It is English to say that, "of all musical forms, Oratorio is unquestionably the noblest and most ennobling." So far as the text is concerned, this will be admitted by all religious persons; but, after all, the oratorio has a musical point of view too, and from that it is an antiquated absurdity. We still admire certain works of Bach, Handel, Haydn, not because they are oratorios, but in spite of it. Modern æsthetic doubts concerning the Oratorio Dr. Patterson apparently has not encountered; at any rate, she has nothing to say of what are by far the most interesting aspects of the modern Oratorio—the reforms and changes attempted by Liszt and Rubinstein. She dwells preferably among the older masters, up to Mendelssohn and Schumann; Gounod, too, is not ignored, and of course the English writers in this field are duly considered, as well as the characteristic English festivals.

"Shall I give my child a musical education? When shall I begin? How many hours a day? What instrument?" These questions present themselves to thousands of parents every day. M. Lavignac answers them; together with a hundred others, in his new work on musical education, Englished by Esther Singleton. It is a remarkably comprehensive treatise, the result of the ripe experience of a professor at the Paris Conservatoire. The first of the six parts treats of the indications of musical talent, and the proper way of teaching music to young children; in the second, the author considers the study of the piano and organ, the various orchestral instruments, and the guitar and mandolin; the third is devoted to singing, the fourth to the various studies necessary for composers; the means of rectifying a faulty education are discussed in the fifth, while the last compares the advantages and disadvantages of private instruction with those of conservatories. The final section also includes a list and brief characterization of the leading conservatories of Europe and America.

There are a few points on which we may differ with the author, as when he says that in all the classic music before Beethoven the pedal should not be used; or when he would exclude romantic music from a young player's repertory until he is fifteen or sixteen years old. But, in the main, Professor Lavignac's points of view and directions are worthy of all confidence. His discussion of the important question of memorizing music (pp. 93-100) is by far the

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best we have ever seen. Most players will be surprised to find that, for musical purposes, he considers the memory of the eyes far more important than that of the ears or of the fingers. Concerning the results of his method, he says: "I have very often seen modest amateurs without the slightest effort register and retain in their memories and fingers repertories of from 150 to 200 pieces. . . . I have seen people play, without the slightest hesitation, . . . concertos which they had learned ten or twenty years previously, had never since seen, and believed they had forgotten."

In the vocal chapters it is refreshing to find that Professor Lavignac does not follow the silly fashion of newspaper scribblers of making German singers responsible for everything that is bad, and crediting Italian singers with all that is good. He is severest on the French singers, because of their addiction to the tremolo and their indisposition to be musicians as well as singers; which the Germans do not share. He makes clear (p. 204) the much higher aim of modern dramatic song than that of the old Italian *bel canto;* the modern art demanding less virtuosity but more emotional expression. "We strive to charm and to interest more than to astonish. With them it was the contrary." "In this new study of a higher order, the superiority of the Italian school totally disappears." In a word, there is much food for thought in this book, which, moreover, is thoroughly entertaining, the author having seasoned his pages with a considerable number of amusing anecdotes.

London in the Eighteenth Century. By Sir Walter Besant. London: A. & C. Black; New York: The Macmillan Co.

It did not need the Autobiography of Sir Walter Besant to make it known that he was an enthusiastic and discerning student of London. Not only did he reveal his devotion towards the end of his life by such monographs as that on Westminster, but his novels all the way along gave many glimpses of it. More than a quarter of a century ago 'The Chaplain of the Fleet,' written in collaboration with James Rice, dealt with the social life of London during the very period covered by this book. The studies Mr. Besant had pursued up to that time were supplemented by persistent inquiries and observations continued until his death. The volume now issued does not pretend to give a complete record of events, and is not chronologically arranged. It should be regarded, as Lady Besant says in her introductory note, "as a social picture of London in the eighteenth century rather than as a detailed history." The eighteenth century is here considered as lasting to the Victorian era, for the great break in national customs and ideas did not come until after the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, and the introduction of steamers and railways. The first seventy pages out of a total of 667 are occupied by a section entitled "Historical Notes." Here we have an account of twenty episodes of the century relating particularly to London, and ranging from the South Sea Bubble to the earthquakes of 1750. The remaining sections, each of which is divided into several chapters, deal with "The City and the Streets," "Church and Chapel," "Government and Trade of the City," "Manners and Customs," "Society and Amusements," and "Crime, Police, Justice, Debtors' Prisons." There are six appendices, more or less statistical, a Chronicle of the Eighteenth Century, and an excellent index. The book is plentifully illustrated, Hogarth being particularly drawn upon.

There are no footnotes, but many authorities are mentioned in the text and in a paragraph of the preface. Sir Walter Besant acknowledges his special obligations, however, to "the forgotten, the thrice and four-times tedious novel of the eighteenth century," which is not known to lecturers on the period nor to professors of literature. Fielding and Smollett give little help in details, but the dead novels and lost satires of the "twopenny box" are rich in information. An illustration will exhibit the use made of some of this out-of-the-way material. Sir Walter is showing that the usual view of the indifference of the eighteenth century to religion is exaggerated. He finds a series of papers called the *Athenian Oracle* and the *British Oracle.* These publications, read largely in middle-class households, consist of questions supposed to be put by the reader and answers given by the *Oracle.* Questions concerning biblical and theological topics are found by the side of inquiries about the origin of the Horn Fair and the cause of thunder. A curious difficulty is noted in the use of maps and drawings. Most of those published during the century presented only the modern improvements, neglecting, what would now be prized so highly, the picturesque streets still remaining of the older London; thus, Strype and Maitland give the new squares but not the ancient courts. In a few cases Sir Walter has profited by intercourse with living authorities on earlier customs—for instance, a man who travelled from Liverpool to London by stage-coach in 1830, taking thirty-six hours for the journey, and an aged Jew who had taken part in the combats for which Mendoza, the prize-fighter, trained his friends.

The result of the author's diligence is a book which is not only full of interest to the general reader, but is of real value to the historical student. There is much more here than the mere collection and arrangement of facts gathered from all quarters. In his lifetime Sir Walter was not thought of as, properly speaking, an historian, but this book shows that he would have had good claim to that title. More than once he gives reason for a revision of the commonly accepted opinion. For example, he denies that the night-watch was composed of old and incompetent persons. They were stout and sturdy fellows; their fault was not their age, but their eagerness to take bribes. One's belief in tradition suffers an even greater shock when Sir Walter declares that the existence of the Mohocks cannot be proved. The story of their atrocities was mainly due to imagination and terror; "no one, in spite of large rewards offered, was ever produced who could show a nose flattened or slit, or the bare place where the ears once had been." Reference has already been made to the author's protest against the idea of a general decay of religion in the eighteenth century. He reminds us that our knowledge of the time is usually derived from accounts of the life of the fashionable and criminal classes; the quiet, uneventful ways of the middle class being ignored by the playwright and the satirist. This omission is repaired by Sir Walter Besant, who quotes many evidences of a vigorous religious interest on the part of the average London citizen, whatever may have been true of the rest of the population.

The admirers of Sir Walter's fiction will be glad to find in this volume many illustrations of that kindly common-sense moralizing which was one of his characteristics. Now and then he drops for a moment into a pleasant confidential chat with the reader, indicating without any offensive egotism his individual opinion on some question of the day. Thus, we have here *obiter dicta* on the credulity of our own time, on the causes of cheerfulness, on the reasons why impudence is always admired, and on the connection between gambling and leisure. Some of these miscellaneous reflections are naturally open to criticism, but the execution of the book as a whole has remarkably little to which objection can be made. Sir Walter's account of the Dissent of the period is rather scrappy, and its patronizing air is not pleasing. It is not the fact that, owing to their exclusion from the universities, the dissenting ministers of the eighteenth century had, with few exceptions, ceased to be learned (p. 169). The mention on the very next page of the fact that Bishop Butler and Archbishop Secker were educated at Dissenting academies is sufficient evidence to the contrary. It was almost inevitable that in so large a volume there should be occasional repetitions, as for instance on pages 170 and 177.

Hitherto we have been considering this book mainly as an historical treatise. Perhaps its most useful function, however, will be as a kind of social tonic. A copy of it should be placed in the library of every social settlement, and every worker for purer civic and national conditions should dip into it now and then in moments of depression. That "the world moves" is the heartening lesson one brings away from its perusal. As we read especially the terrible chapter on the condition of the prisons, we ask ourselves in amazement whether it can really be of a century so recent as the eighteenth that these things are told. This section alone quite prepares us to accept Sir Walter's statement that London has changed more in the last sixty years than in the previous five hundred. We learn, too, how some of the greatest improvements in social conditions have been quietly brought about by instruments apparently trivial in themselves. Few people realize, for instance, what we owe to gas. It has transformed the poor man's evenings, which were formerly spent around the fire without other light or else faintly illuminated by a candle. "The cook had to hold a candle in one hand while she cooked with the other. The best-lighted street was provided with no more than a feeble glimmer at intervals; the shops showed one or two candles in the window and one or two on the counter. . . . The real terror of the winter was not the cold so much as the long hours of darkness." It was not until 1807 that gas was introduced into the streets of London, thereby immensely diminishing the opportunities for crime.

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The Pathway to Reality: Being the Gifford Lectures Delivered in the University of St. Andrews by the Right Honorable R. B. Haldane, M.P., LL.D., K.C. London: Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903. Pp. xix., 316.

It is always interesting to observe what are the hobbies to which leading public men resort for intellectual recreation. In Europe these at present are sufficiently various. The British Premier, Mr. Balfour, is well known among philosophers as the acutest advocate of a pious skepticism; the German Emperor has lately included theology in the sphere of his activities, and studied it sufficiently to award certificates of inspiration to approved characters in history; while the Pope, more modestly, contents himself with writing Latin verse. And now we find that the able politician and distinguished lawyer out of whom the Liberal party in England, if it should ever again be hoisted into power by the blunders of its opponents, seems extremely likely to make a Lord Chancellor, Mr. R. B. Haldane, is a philosopher, too, in his private capacity, and does not disdain to show us the pathway to reality—for the very adequate consideration of the Gifford Lectures. And he acquits himself gallantly and with the *sang froid* of the practised pleader, as doubtless Mr. Balfour also would do, if, through a turn of the political kaleidoscope, he should find himself at leisure to accept the same academic lectureship. Mr. Haldane, curiously enough, in philosophy as well as in politics, sits on the opposite side of the house from Mr. Balfour. He is all for reason, while Mr. Balfour is all for faith, and though, like the latter, he is disposed to take up an extreme view, he argues it with a truly statesmanlike urbanity. For while professing himself a Hegelian, he states his case with moderation, and is anxious not to shock by overstatement. He tries rather to minimize the difficulties and to smooth down the asperities contained in his brief, and indeed denies outright that Hegel sought to deduce what ordinary people call reality by "pure thought" (p. 121). Altogether, what he feeds to his readers is a very diluted form of Hegelism, flavored with wise saws and an eclectic tincture of modern scientific instances, which impress even when they are not taken from the best and most recent of authorities. And so the whole brew becomes quite palatable and even easy, always allowing duly for the difficulty of the subject and the abstruseness of the method. To real novelty, on the other hand, Mr. Haldane lays no claim; he wishes merely to reward the great conception of his master. His "pathway to reality" is thus conceived as a short cut to the results of Hegel's Dialectic, and in comparison almost seems a primrose path.

In his first book, entitled "The Meaning of Reality," Mr. Haldane discourses on his general philosophic standpoint; in his second, "The Criticism of the Categories," he essays to show how the abstract methods of the sciences engender contradictions, until from mathematics we are driven on to psychology. The lectures of the present year are, we understand, to show the value of this Hegelian method for conduct and religion. It will be seen, therefore, that in his present excursion Mr. Haldane only gets half way to reality, and examination shows that the scenery decidedly gains in interest in the second part. But it must be noted that he hardly attempts to parallel the famous Dialectic, which Mr. McTaggart, alone of modern Hegelians, seems to have found a practicable thoroughfare. Mr. Haldane does not venture to start, with Hegel, from Pure Being and its equivalence to Nothing. He starts from geometry, which, however abstractly it may be conceived, is still only the conceptual interpretation of the directly sensible and entirely concrete data of our sight and touch. And though Mr. Haldane probably has, like other Hegelians, his own peculiar view as to the precise nature of the "contradiction" of the "thesis" by the "antithesis" which evolves the "synthesis," his own method of progression can hardly be dignified with the name of contradiction. He never attempts to show that the assumptions of the more abstract sciences are inadequate for the work they are called upon to do. He only shows that they do not give a complete account of reality. But that was not what they were meant for. Thus he only proves that what was meant for one purpose will not necessarily do for another. If he really wants to get rid of abstractions, he must go back to the infinitely concrete, to the person who conceives all abstractions from a desire to refashion his experience into a more satisfying form. But how can a method ever reach a real concrete which begins by assuming that the individual observer is a figment of thought (p. 196)?

And so does not Mr. Haldane, too, start in the air? Does he not, by a *salto mortale* of abstraction, set his feet upon a pathway which leads straight away from reality to nowhere? Has he not made the fatal assumption that reality is something yet to be found, and to be wrested from the void and formless Absolute by titanic effort? And is it not truer and simpler to contend that reality we have with us always, and that *ultimate reality* is wherever our manipulation of experience stops? Of Mr. Haldane's method it is perhaps true to say that it is chiefly the first step that costs, but if it is a *faux pas*, the cost is irretrievable.

Perhaps, however, it is ungracious to scrutinize too closely a work delivered under the remarkable circumstances noted in the preface. Mr. Haldane there tells us that his lectures were extemporized speeches, and that he has printed "just what the stenographer took down, with verbal corrections." It is hardly fair, therefore, to expect contributions to eternal truth from an *ex-tempore* philosophy; but it is always interesting to hear what men in Mr. Haldane's position have to say about the ultimate questions of life.

Anthology of Russian Literature. By Leo Wiener. Vol. II. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903. Pp. xl., 500.

Professor Wiener's second volume contains extracts from fifty-three authors, from Karamzín to Merezhkóvski, some of whom have never before been represented in English. The translations in verse are for the most part selected from previous writers; those in prose are usually by the editor. A brief biographical notice precedes the extracts from each author, and a "Sketch of Russian Literature in the Nineteenth Century" serves as a general introduction to the volume.

The effect of the whole is in some ways disappointing. The different authors are arranged approximately in chronological order, with no attempt at a critical grouping. Hence a reader is at first confused and disconcerted. (Perhaps an educated Russian, fresh from Poe, Bret Harte, and Mark Twain, might be similarly distressed by a chronological anthology of American literature.) The puzzled reader is again baffled when he turns for help to the editor's sketch, for in it he finds no clear account of the different currents in modern Russian literature, not even a satisfactory grouping of the various authors according to schools. This fundamental knowledge our reader must seek elsewhere. But, once blest with some general notions on "the movement of the sixties" and kindred topics, he will return to the 'Anthology' with new joy, for the essays here translated from such critics as Byelínski, Dobrolyúboff, and Písareff will make this second-hand knowledge really direct and vivid, and he will now be prepared to appreciate the editor's admirable dicta on modern Russian literature as a whole; on its incessant occupation with social problems, curiously accompanied by a lack of any systematic philosophical foundation; on its political importance combined with juvenile, unpractical exuberance. Here Professor Wiener tells the truth with a sanity and simplicity that contrast strongly with the vaporous criticism too often indulged in by writers on Russian subjects. Finally, on a second reading, the chronological arrangement of selections may by its very confusion give the truest impression.

The different extracts are well chosen, though some, from their fragmentary condition, are hard to understand. Here a few further words of comment would have been helpful. The essays by Russian critics are, as has been indicated, of especial value; indeed, one may regret that the editor has not given more of them, say, part of Mikhailóvski's critique on Dostoyévski, or Dostoyévski's panegyric on Púshkin, or Turgéneff's "Hamlet and Don Quixote," even at the risk of shortening the translations from the story-tellers. Traces of Russian influence on the editor's language are occasionally to be found in the volume. Thus, on page 288, "God be with him" translates too literally a phrase which might better be rendered "Deuce take him."

In his introductory notes on the different authors, Professor Wiener has given full lists of such of their works as are accessible in English. These bibliographical data reveal a wealth of translated material that could have been suspected by few even among those specially interested in Russian matters. This information alone would make the 'Anthology' indispensable to every student.

The Autobiography of Joseph Le Conte. Edited by William Dallam Armes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1903. 8vo, xvii., 337 pp. Ills.

Joseph Le Conte, scientist and teacher, known in two hemispheres and beloved wherever known, died in the Yosemite Valley, California, July 6, 1901. He was of mixed race, the blood of the French Huguenot and English Puritan mingling in his veins; and the characteristics of each were

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blended in his temperament and colored his whole active life. He was born in Liberty County, Ga., February 26, 1823, and lost his mother a few months later. She was of Puritan stock, a descendant of an English colony (transplanted from Dorchester, Mass.) distinguished by rigid orthodoxy, an independent spirit, and high standards of morality. In this community slavery wore its least offensive aspect, and the duties of the owner to his wards were emphasized—facts which account for the lenient view taken by Professor Le Conte of a state of things into which he was born, but which has since been repudiated by civilization and condemned by moralists.

Young Le Conte inherited scientific tastes from his father, studied in country schools and at the University at Athens, Ga.; later taking the medical course in the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, and graduating in 1845. In the following year he married, being in independent circumstances, and in 1850 became a pupil of Agassiz at Cambridge for fifteen months, and subsequently a professor in the University of Georgia. During the civil war he was in and of the South; and in 1868, when seeking an escape from the conditions which accompanied reconstruction, he was called, with his brother, to the University of California. Here, so far as the world is concerned, his active scientific career may be said to have begun, and here it continued until his death.

The present volume is edited by one of his pupils from manuscripts of an intimate character which he had prepared for the use of his children. It is likely to stand in the way of a more serious biography. Although a human document of undoubted interest, and perfectly comprehensible to one who knew the man, it is too intimate and offhand in character to give a just idea of Le Conte to a stranger. The breezy and buoyant optimism and Gallic lightness of spirit which made him so delightful a companion are hardly revealed by this book, which so abounds in unwarranted superlatives as to jar on the serious reader and annoy the friend jealous of his fame. Its publication, except for private circulation among his intimate friends, is, in our opinion, an indiscretion of which Le Conte himself would never have been guilty.

How to Make School Gardens: A Manual for Teachers and Pupils. By H. D. Hemenway, B.S., Director of the Hartford School of Horticulture. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1903.

That the style of this useful book leaves something to be desired, might appear from such a sentence as the following: "One reason why nearly 90 per cent. of the successful business men of to-day were brought up on the farm is because of the productive industry taught in early childhood in farm life." It seems as if the author meant to say: Ninety per cent. of the successful business men of to-day were brought up on the farm. They owe their success to the productive industry which they learned in early childhood—in their farm life. We have given a little prominence to this statement of the author's because it implies the occasion of his little handbook. The cultivation of self-reliance, the acquisition of some facility in handling things, and the training in habits of patience, neatness, and quick observation, he thinks to be well worth while in these days of abundant schooling. He believes, and in our opinion truly, that few appliances contribute more readily and pleasantly to the attainment of these ends than simple school gardens. That their usefulness is appreciated in Europe appears from the author's statement that more than one hundred thousand exist there. "France alone has more than twenty-eight thousand." In these gardens the pupils are shown practically the simpler details of horticulture, and are given charge of every stage of the cultivation, from the preparation of the soil to the gathering of the harvest. In this country the system has been successfully undertaken, and it is likely to extend rapidly. It can be combined with other instruction, as is well shown by the work at Hyannis, Mass. At the school gardens of the State Normal School there, the "products of the gardens are sold, the money is taken to the bank and deposited, and the children learn the method of depositing money and drawing checks."

This little volume contains, in the form of daily lessons, explicit directions for even young pupils, and this elementary instruction is offered in an attractive manner. Budding, grafting, and the like are given their proper place, and in most instances are so clearly described that even the most inexperienced teacher need not go astray. Of course, the teachers in their application of these rules will not find everything quite like Eden before the Fall, for they will have to contend not only with the "thorns also and thistles," but with the worst weed in our school system, namely, the stupid idleness of our atrociously long summer vacation. But since vacations are chiefly for the good of teachers, perhaps the unfortunate city pupils who have scarcely a glimpse of vegetation except in the parks, may be permitted to "run" the school gardens all summer. To them this handy guide will be serviceable. The author gives eight closely printed pages of references to recent publications on the subject; this indicates that school gardens are making their way.

We are a little sorry that the word plantain is here spelled plantin, and pusley spelled pussley; for these plants, although mere weeds, have figured in literature, and deserve the respect which correct orthography lends.

The Story of a Bird Lover. By W. E. D. Scott. The Outlook Co.

We have here the autobiography of the well-known ornithologist, Dr. W. E. D. Scott, curator of birds in the Museum of Princeton University. As such, it is something out of the ordinary in popular bird literature. It begins with the author's childhood, and shows that he was to the manner born, a fact that adds interest to his early recollections. He began his college education at Cornell, but ended it at Harvard, where he studied under Louis Agassiz, N. S. Shaler, J. A. Allen, and Asa Gray. From these masters he obtained a broad foundation such as is seldom possessed by writers on ornithology. After graduation he became connected with Princeton, and throughout the book he relates much that is of interest in connection with this New Jersey university. For the purpose of building up its ornithological collections he not only explored New York, New Jersey, and New England, but also made trips to West Virginia, Florida, Texas, Colorado, Arizona, and Jamaica. Although birds are his main theme in the account of these journeyings, he also gives valuable sketches of the scenery and people. He has the fine discretion not to weary his readers by tedious detail about his chosen subject, but changes his point of view often enough to give agreeable variety. Take, for example, his anecdote of a Mexican neighbor in southern Arizona, Jesus Maria Castro, very poor, but generous and gay, which illustrates the romantic spirit of his kind and their cheerful endurance of the vicissitudes of fortune. So Dr. Scott's chapter on Jamaica is highly interesting in its sketches of scenes, people and customs. Appended to the book is a bibliography of the author's scientific writings.

Many zoölogists appear to take less interest in a living animal than in a dead one; or, even if they do happen to be field naturalists, they seldom evince the fancier's interest in an individual animal. Dr. Scott, however, is truly a bird lover; and, more than that, he is actively interested in all live animals, even the domestic animals, which the up-to-date biologist with his head in the clouds so often ignores. The doctor's companionship with his red setter, Grouse, is one of the most charming things in the book, and his love for animals in general is pleasantly shown in the account of his domestic menagerie in his Arizona cabin. The lover of live birds will take especial pleasure in the description of what Dr. Scott calls his "laboratory for the study of live birds." It is the finest aviary in America, consisting of six rooms and containing 700 birds, some of which rear their young in captivity.

"Imagine a room, some twenty feet square, where over a hundred birds are enjoying liberty. Here are many robins, wood-thrushes, and bluebirds, the Baltimore and orchard orioles; bobolinks fly about as gayly as over the grass fields in spring. There are some eight or nine of these last-named birds, most of them males, and for two-thirds of the year, from January until late in August, their song is incessant. Here are thrushes from Europe, and the starling that characterizes that region; a number of kinds of starlings from India, and some babbling thrushes from that country. Meadow larks form an entertaining group as they stroll about the floor examining with apparent curiosity and interest every blade of grass of the fresh turf supplied daily. Song sparrows find congenial shelter in thickets, and blue jays, as well as green jays from Mexico, add to the vivacity of the scene. Cardinals and rose-breasted grosbeaks, as well as their relative the blue grosbeak, are all represented. Mocking birds, catbirds, and thrashers fly from one tree to another in the room (for it is large enough to have some six or eight small trees reaching from the floor to the ceiling), and seem to be as full of life and song and interest in affairs as though out of doors. Here is a robin with a nest in the corner sitting on her eggs, or a pair perhaps feeding young. In a calabash gourd at another point bluebirds find a place they like for breeding. It is a heterogeneous company, and the picture is at first confusing, both as to motion and sound. As one becomes accustomed to the scene, new details present themselves. A plover finds to his liking the vicinity of the shallow water tank which serves as brook or pond for these birds, and rails

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peep out of the grass or run nimbly from one tussock to another, pausing on the way to inspect the attractions of the feed dishes. Many of these birds have been in captivity six or seven years, notably robins, bluebirds, grosbeaks, and orioles; while the plover has been a member of this society for five years."

The field chapters having exceptional ornithological interest are those which describe flamingoes and the nesting sites of herons and other plume-birds. Dr. Scott visited these spots before and after the plume-hunters had raided them. The book, finally, is attractive also for what it does not contain, and impresses one with a sense of the knowledge that the author could impart if he had the ear of a student interested in any particular phase of bird life.

Slavery as an Industrial System: Ethnological Researches. By Dr. H. J. Nieboer. The Hague and New York: Martinus Nijhoff. Pp. xxvii., 474.

The author of this interesting volume is a pupil of Steinmetz, whose work on 'Die Entwicklung der Strafe' has been stimulus and model. Its pages, too, reveal both the virtues and the vices of the "exact" method initiated by Tylor, to which the ethnologists of Holland have taken such a fancy. The balancing of the descriptive and theoretical parts is fair, and there are a good index and a comprehensive bibliography, marred here and there by imperfect titles. An original feature of the book is the section (pp. 430-442), "Outlines of a Further Investigation of the Early History of Slavery." Both in content and treatment Dr. Nieboer's work is an improvement on Tourmagne and Letourneau. Naturally, as its title suggests and its unpartisan review of the data recorded corroborates, it is of a different order from the *Tendenzschriften* on both sides of the question in America. The principal topics treated are definition of slavery and distinction from kindred phenomena; geographical distribution; occurrence among the various economic and social groups of uncivilized mankind, mediæval Europe, etc.; internal and external causes. Among the chief causes of slavery may be reckoned: "open" as against "closed" resources, a high position of women (relieving the sex from drudgery and leading to slave-labor), commerce (favoring slaves who shall perform common every-day work for those devoting themselves to trade, and also some of the labor incident to the production of articles of commerce), the preserving of food over against living from hand to mouth (its preparation in large quantities in brief periods of time demands enforced labor), militarism (slaves as warriors), luxury (slaves as property add to the owner's influence and reputation), fixed habitations, living in large groups. Stimuli of considerable importance are also the existence of a slave trade, and the presence, in the environment, of "inferior" races. When women perform all the disagreeable work slaves cannot exist. The "noble" chase is also unfavorable to the development of slavery, which is much more prevalent among fishing peoples. Pastoral tribes seem to have no great use for slave labor, though it is by no means absent. With true agricultural tribes slavery is considerably more frequent. There appear to be certain "slave areas" in both hemispheres. The author points out how the sex factor prevents the complete enslavement of woman—there is a difference between slaves and subjected wives. Children, for another reason (they are always prospective masters and freemen), can hardly be true slaves.

For those who wish to get an idea of "the social value of slavery" this book is to be recommended as the most scientific study extant of the function of slavery among such of the savage and barbarous peoples of the globe (not all of them) as have practised it.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, G. T. Macedonian Folklore. Cambridge (Eng.): University Press; New York: Macmillan. $2.50.
About, Edmond. La Mère de la Marquise. Edited by Murray Peabody Brush. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Adams, Charles Josiah. How Baldy Won the County Seat. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Adams, John. Primer on Teaching. Scribner's. 20c. net.
Allman, James. God's Children. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 50c.
Alderson, F. Herbert. Indigestion: Its Prevention and Cure. Scribners. $1.50 net.
Anschutz, E. P. Dogs. Philadelphia: Boericke & Tafel. 75c.
As Others Saw Him: A Retrospect. A. D. 54. With introduction and notes by Joseph Jacobs. Funk & Wagnalls Co.
Banks, Nancy H. Round Anvil Rock. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Banks, Kilroy. Farmer Kilroy on "Ivilooshin." Chicago: W. T. Keener & Co. 60 cents.
Baumbach, Rudolph. Tales from Wonderland. Translated by Helen B. Dole. A Lovell & Co. 30c.
Bispham, Clarence Wyatt. Columban. Edwin S. Gorham. $1.50 net.
Brown, Anna Robeson. Truth and a Woman. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.
Capey, Ernest F. H. Erasmus. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1 net.
Channing, William Ellery. Discourses on War. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Churchill, Winston. Mr. Keegan's Elopement. Macmillan.
Clemow, Frank G. The Geography of Disease. Cambridge (Eng.): University Press; New York: Macmillan. $4.
Crawford, F. Marion. Man Overboard. Macmillan.
Davidson, James W. The Island of Samoa, Past and Present. Yokohama: Kelly & Walsh; New York: Macmillan. $8.50 net.
Dawn, Grave. A Story within a Story. Washington: The Neale Publishing Co. $1.
De Arce, D. Gaspar Núñez. El Haz de Leña. Edited by Rudolph Schwill. Boston: D. C. Heath.
Dos Passos, John R. The Anglo-Saxon Century. Putnams. $2.25 net.
Dubbs, Joseph Henry. History of Franklin and Marshall College. Lancaster, Pa.: Franklin and Marshall College Alumni Association.
Durst, Simon. Bub and Sis. Rimes No. 3. Woonsocket, R. I.: Woonsocket Publishing Co.
Eliot, George. Silas Marner. Lane.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo. Essays. Second Series. Centenary Edition. Vol. III. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75.
Engels, Frederick. Feuerbach, the Roots of the Socialist Philosophy. Translated by Austin Lewis. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 50c.
Erckmann-Chatrian. Le Juif Polonais. Edited by Edward Manley. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Evelyn, John. Diary. Edited by William Bray. London: George Newnes; New York: Scribners.
Fisher, H. A. L. Studies in Napoleonic Statesmanship. Germany. Oxford (Eng.): The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. $4.10.
François, Victor E., and Giraud, Pierre F. Simple French. Henry Holt & Co. 60c. net.
Fowler, Harold N. A History of Roman Literature. Appleton. $1.40.
Gardiner, Samuel Rawson. History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate. Vol. VIII. Supplementary chapter. Longmans. $1.00.
Garnett, Richard. The Twilight of the Gods. Lane.
Godfrey, Elizabeth. Home Life under the Stuarts. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.
Goethe, Wolfgang. Egmont. Edited by Robert Waller Deering. Henry Holt & Co. 60c. net.
Goldsmith, Milton. A Victim of Conscience. Philadelphia: Henry Coates & Co.
Graves, Charles L. The Life and Letters of Sir George Grove, C.B. Macmillan. $4.
Griffing, Jane R. Breakers Ahead. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. 25c.
Growell, A., and Eames, Wilberforce. Three Centuries of English Book-Trade Bibliography. M. L. Greenhalgh (1135 Madison Avenue). $5.
Guide to Switzerland. Macmillan. $1.60.
Hall, M. E. Physicians, their Patients, Pills, Paregoric, and Poisons. 1448 Pacific Street, Brooklyn: The Author.
Lorimer, G. C. The Master of Millions. Fleming H. Revell Company.
McCardell, Oliver C. Reform in the Jungle. Washington: The Neale Publishing Co. 50c.
Milman, Helen. My Kalendar of Country Delights. John Lane.
Moore, John H., and Miner, George W. Teacher's Manual. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Moore, N. H. The Old China Book. F. A. Stokes Co. $2.
New International Encyclopædia. Vol. X. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Orr, James. David Hume. (The World's Epoch-Makers.) Scribners. $1.25.
Page, T. N. Gordon Keith. Scribners. $1.50.
Sidgwick, A. Æschylus. Septem contra Thebas. Oxford (Eng.): The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Sinclair, Upton. Prince Hagen. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Snyder, Carl. New Conceptions in Science. Harpers.
Somerville, E. A., and Ross, Martin. All on the Irish Shore. Longmans.
Staples, Ellen M. A Twentieth-Century Pilgrim's Progress. Brentano's. $1.
Statistical Year Book of Canada, 1903. Ottawa: Government Printing Bureau.
Street, G. S. A Book of Essays. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.
Stuttaford, Charles. The Story of Cupid and Psyche. London: David Nutt.
Taylor, Edward Robeson. Visions, and Other Verse. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.25 net.
The English Bible. (The Tudor Translations.) Vols. II. and III. Judges to Esther, Job to Song of Solomon. London: David Nutt.
The Studio Library (Representative Art of Our Time). Parts VI. and VII. Lane. Each part $1 net.
Trollope, Anthony. Framley Parsonage. Lane.
Walford, L. B. Stay-at-Homes. Longmans. $1.50.
Weinburgh, Harry Bennett. Perfect Health. Peter Eckler.
Weir, Harrison. The Poultry Book. Part I. Doubleday, Page & Co. 60c. net.
Wilkins, A. S. M. Tulli Ciceronis Rhetorica. Vol. II. Oxford (Eng.): The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 3s. 6d.

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L. C. PAGE & COMPANY, Pubs., Boston.

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